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CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI 37

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS. *Richard Burton* 39

COMMUNICATIONS 41

"Mirabeau and the French Revolution."—A Reply. *H. von Holst.*

Departmental Libraries. *Aksel G. S. Josephson.*

MEMORIES OF SEVENTY YEARS. *E. G. J.* . . . 43

THE WAY OF THE GODS IN JAPAN. *Ernest W. Clement* 45

EARLY LONDON THEATRES. *G. M. Hyde* . . . 47

ROPES'S HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. *C. H. Cooper* 48

RECENT FICTION. *William Morton Payne* . . . 50

Warner's The Golden House.— Cable's John March, Southerner. — Mitchell's When All the Woods Are Green. — Ford's The Honorable Peter Stirling. — Clowes's The Double Emperor. — Bouvé's Centuries Apart. — Crockett's The Lilac Sunbonnet. — Haggard's The People of the Mist.—Hope's The God in the Car.—Hope's The Indiscretion of the Duchess.—Mrs. Edmonds's Amygdala.—Cunningham's Sibylla. — Zola's Lourdes. — Jókai's Eyes Like the Sea. — Björnson's Synnöve Solbakken.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS 56

Some sound and readable musical criticism. — "The English Novel" and the "Study of Fiction." — A text-book of an old-fashioned sort.—The military career of General Hancock.—Josiah Wedgwood and his work. — Closing volume of Professor Huxley's collected essays. — A satisfactory life of Cicero. — A "Prelude to Poetry."

BRIEFER MENTION 59

NEW YORK TOPICS. *Arthur Stedman* 60

LITERARY NOTES. 60

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS 61

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 62

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

The last day of the year just ended brought news of the death of Miss Rossetti, the youngest of that famous quartette of brothers and sisters of whom Mr. W. M. Rossetti is now left the sole survivor. Maria Francesca, who died in 1876, was the oldest of the four, having first seen the light in 1827. Then came Dante Gabriel in 1828, William Michael in 1829, and Christina Georgina in 1830. Miss Rossetti gave early evidence of her poetic talents, as is shown by the privately-printed volume of "Verses," dated 1847. In 1850, with her brothers, she wrote for the famous "Germ," over the pseudonymous signature of "Ellen Alleyne." It was not, however, until 1862 that she took her destined place among the greater Victorian poets, with "Goblin Market and Other Poems." That volume was followed, in 1866, by "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems," and, in 1881, by "A Pageant and Other Poems." It is upon the contents of these three collections that Miss Rossetti's reputation must rest, although she did a considerable amount of other literary work. Before discussing the character of her poems, we may dispose of the other books by a simple enumeration. "Commonplace and Other Short Stories" (1870) and "Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme-Book" (1872) are titles that speak for themselves. "Speaking Likenesses," a volume of "quasi-allegorical prose," and "Annus Domini: A Prayer for Every Day in the Year," both bear the date 1874. "Seek and Find," "Called to the Saints," and "Letter and Spirit," three religious works in prose, date from 1879, 1881, and 1883, respectively; while "Time Flies," a reading diary in alternate verse and prose, appeared in 1885, and was, we believe, her last published volume. These devotional books, which have both found and deserved a large and appreciative audience, are distinctly out of the common, but the spirit which finds expression in them finds utterance still more intense and rapturous in the three volumes of song to which we now turn.

It is not the least of the glories of English poetry that two women should be numbered among the singers whom we most love and honor. It is perhaps idle to inquire whether Mrs. Browning or Miss Rossetti is to be esteemed the greater poet; the one thing certain is that no other English woman is to be named in the same breath with them. These two stand far apart from the throng, lifted above it by inspiration and achievement, and no account of the greater poetry of our century can ignore them. If there is something more instinctive, more inevitable in impulse, about the work of Mrs. Browning, there is more of restraint and of artistic finish about the work of Miss Rossetti. The test of popularity would assign to the former the higher rank, just as it would place Byron above Keats and Coleridge, or above Wordsworth and Shelley; but the critic has better tests than the noisy verdicts

of the multitude, and those tests lessen, if they do not quite do away with, the seeming disparity between the fame of the two women.

The longer pieces which introduce Miss Rossetti's three volumes are not the most successful of their contents. It is rather to the lyrics, ballads, and sonnets that the lover of poetry will turn to find her at her best. Who, for example, could once read and ever forget such a sonnet as "Rest"?

"O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth,
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart hath ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long."

Or who could escape the haunting quality of such a lyric as this:

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

"I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget."

The poem just quoted can hardly fail to recall, in feeling, thought, and measure, Mr. Swinburne's "Rococo," and thus emphasizes the spiritual relationship of the author to the poets of the group sometimes styled "Pre-Raphaelite." Similarly, the perfect lyric called "Dream-Land" is clearly akin to "The Garden of Proserpine," and it is not difficult to discern the same sort of kinship between Miss Rossetti's "Up-Hill" and Mr. Swinburne's "The Pilgrims." Now the point to be noted is that all three of Miss Rossetti's poems were published in the volume of 1862, while the three Swinburnian poems date from several years later. There is, of course, no question of imitation—in each case what remains a simple theme with the one poet is elaborated into a symphony by the other—but it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the man was influenced by the woman in all three of the cases. Particularly with "Up-Hill" and "The Pilgrims," we note the common use of the dialogue form and the absolute identity of the austere ethical motive.

Miss Rossetti's verses sometimes suggest those of other poets, but we always feel that her art is distinctly her own. The divine simplicity of Blake is echoed in such a stanza as

"What can lambkins do
All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother,
The careful ewe."

The melting, almost cloying, sweetness of the Tennysonian lyric meets us in these verses:

"Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years."

As for the influence of the great Italian, which shaped so powerfully the thought of every member of the Rossetti family, it is less tangible here than in the work of her greater brother, yet to it must be attributed much of the tenderness and the pervasive mysticism of her poems. It is perhaps most apparent in the two sonnet-sequences, "Monna Innominata" and "Later Life," both included in the volume of 1881. And the influence of that brother who bore the sacred name of the Florentine is likewise intangible but pervasive. We get a glimpse of it in "Amor Mundi," for example, and in many a *vanitas vanitatum* strain. But we must repeat that Miss Rossetti's genius was too original to be chargeable with anything more than that assimilation of spiritual influence from which no poet can hope wholly to escape, and which links together in one golden chain the poetic tradition of the ages.

If in most of the provinces of the lyric realm Miss Rossetti's verse challenges comparison with that of our greater singers, it is in the religious province that the challenge is most imperative and her mastery most manifest. Not in Keble or Newman, not in Herbert or Vaughan, do we find a clearer or more beautiful expression of the religious sentiment than is dominant in Miss Rossetti's three books. In this respect, at least, she is unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by any of her contemporaries. In her devotional pieces there is no touch of affectation, artificiality, or insincerity. Such poems as "The Three Enemies" and "Advent" in the first volume, "Paradise" and "The Lowest Place" in the second, and many of the glorious lyrics and sonnets of the third, will long be treasured among the religious classics of the English language. Perhaps the poet's highest achievement in this kind is the

"Old and New Year Ditties" of the first volume. Some such claim, at least, has been made by no less an authority than Mr. Swinburne for the closing section of the poem.

"Passing away, saith the World, passing away;
Chances, beauty, and youth sapped day by day;
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered: Yea.

"Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away;
With its burden of fear and hope, of labor and play;
Hearken what the past doth witness and say:
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cock-crow, at morning, one certain day
Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay:
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

"Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after the long delay;
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray.
Arise, come away, night is past, and lo it is day,
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear Me say.
Then I answered: Yea."

It is peculiarly fitting that the author of these fervid and solemn verses, written for one New Year's season, should herself have passed away on the very eve of another.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.

Just as the term *father* implies the correlative term *child*, so does a novel imply a novel reader. It were hard to imagine a piece of fiction without an audience, even if the audience number but one and be furnished by the author himself. Readers, then, being necessary, it touches the quick of the fictionist's interest to inquire: What is the attitude of the present-day patrons of tales towards the different kinds of fiction purveyed for their delectation? Is the purpose-novel preferred, or the light and cynical analytic study, or the frankly objective adventure-tale of your true romanticist? Would Mrs. Ward win the popular plebiscite, or Mr. Benson, or Messrs. Stevenson, Doyle, and Weyman?

Of course a categorical reply could only be made on the basis of counting noses: the pure mathematics of the problem will always be out of reach. Still, what with the test of sales, the talk of society, and the *a posteriori* analyses of the critics, an opinion of some solidity may be attained. The writer has made a point of conversing with divers sorts of folk who care for fiction (and who, outside of the absolutely illiterate class, does not care for it?), and has been both interested and instructed by the testimony thus derived. Blending the illumination gained in this way with that from other sources, he has concluded that novel-readers may be divided, roughly, into three classes: first, those who care for fiction as art primarily, and get their main pleasure from its truth to life, its character analysis, and its construction; second, those whose interest centres in the thesis of the book, and who care little or nothing for form, style, and other distinctively literary features; and third, those to whom a novel is above all else a story, — something to amuse and charm, an organism with movement, and zest of life.

That division of novel-readers which looks for and relishes to the full the art of a bit of fiction is comparatively small, and for obvious reasons. Here belong the critics, the connoisseurs of literature. To such it matters not so much if a story be pleasant, or whether or not it teaches sound morality and superinduces a better opinion of one's fellow-men. If it have construction, vital character-drawing, and verisimilitude, if it possesses stylistic distinction and dramatic power, they are satisfied. The analytic student of the novel comes in the course of time to put his attention on these things to the exclusion of everything extraneous; he reads more as a scientist and less as a human being. This is at once the privilege and the penalty of the critical function. It is only the very great books that can wrest him from this self-conscious and dubious coign of vantage and set him cheek by jowl with ordinary humanity, breathless in watching a piece of life and personally involved in the fortunes of the *dramatis personæ*—in the grip of the sweetest and strongest of obsessions. Such, as a rule, is the critic's place and state of mind. Not always, even in his case, however. Mr. Andrew Lang, suffering, one might almost say, from a surfeit of culture, likes nothing so well as the novel with "go" and color and life, contradistinguished from that of analyses and the mooting of problems. Conceiving the end of art to be "pleasure, not edification," he makes a plea for "the Fijian canons of fiction," meaning thereby that those *naïve* natives in their stories "tell of gods and giants and canoes greater than mountains, and of women fairer than the women of these days, and of doings so strange that the jaws of the listeners fall apart." Mr. Lang, in short, is fond of beautiful impossibilities in a novel. But it is none the less fair to say that the critic-class, as such, reads with "Art for art's sake" perpetually engraven upon its censorious front. And it is also plain that the audience thus furnished the fictionist is so small as to be numerically contemptible, and in the vulgar matter of sales as unimportant as the *p* in pneumonia. To these professionals of criticism may be added a fraction of the reading public which uses their method, or in amateurish fashion, albeit honestly, follows in their wake. Very young persons whose education has been large and experience limited, and who for these reasons take themselves *au grand serieux*, and are more or less self-conscious in their psychological habitudes, belong here; here belong, too, older, hardier, and more sensible people of a natural intellectual keenness, the *ab ovo* analysts of life, and of literature as its expression. These swear

by Mr. Howells's *dicta*, and, as to quality, are of the *aristoi* among readers, coveted by all genuine artists. But neither of these subsidiary classes swell the critic-class, caring for the art of a novel first of all, to proportions invalidating our claim that it is decidedly the smallest of the three, and, so far as immediate influence and the substantial return of figures is concerned, the least important.

The second and larger class embraces readers who object not to didactics in their novels. To them a polemic in the guise of literature is as acceptable as a pill, sugar-coated to the taste, to the thoroughgoing homœopathist. Many falling into this category enjoy literature *per se*, to be sure; but they like it also to convey some thoughtful thesis, preferring, so to say, the luxuriously cushioned barouche of fiction to wrestling with the same problem in the Irish jaunting-car of sociology, or science. Hence is derived a good part of the audience rallying to the "Heavenly Twins" and "A Yellow Aster"; or that which a few years ago took up arms for "Robert Elsmere." A part, not the whole, we must repeat; because these *tendenzgeschichten*, as the Germans call them, are far more than mere preachments and special pleadings; often containing the vivid characterization of flesh-and-blood creatures, the one red drop of human life which is precious. But it is undeniable that the immense amount of talk evoked by such books had never been forthcoming were they not a stage upon which to display the puppets of theory and argument. Right here opinions violently clash, and schools form as naturally as rocks crystallize. Plenty of earnest and honest devotees of the novel will have it that art and story interest may be supplied in a book, plus the presentation of some vital question of the day, adding by so much to its importance and attraction, and lifting fiction, traditionally regarded as a "light" division of literature, into a more legitimate place, until it ranks with serious (too often a synonym for dull) literature. It is, in fact, a literary cult, at the present writing, to be "serious" in the novel; as it was a social cult, during the recent panic, to be poor. It was the book more painfully and self-consciously didactic than any other in English fiction within several years, which provoked the most discussion—not critical controversy so much as the more powerful unpredicable popular interest of society. The vogue and stimulation of Madame Grand's strong if unequal and inartistic essay in the field of social analysis were little short of phenomenal, although now, striking work in other sorts of fiction having since obscured it, one thinks of this study of the marital relation with Villon's refrain rising to the mind: "Where are the Snows of Yester-year?" For a season, it is even likely that the believers in purpose-fiction outnumbered not only the critical minority already characterized, but also the old-fashioned followers of the healthier tale whom we are to reckon with under our third division. For a season only, however, we should guess; there is a sort of rabies of interest which destroys by its own violence, and already may be seen the after-effects of what has been cleverly dubbed the "woman revolt in fiction." Still, this interest, this excitement, if temporary, has its significance, and goes to show that a wider and deeper appeal to humankind can be made through the novel, and will be made,—an appeal touching grave questions and the most sacred relations, as perhaps through no other form of the written word. It will not do to sneer at tendency literature as lying outside of critical attention: Terence's line applies to literature even as to life, and nothing in fiction that broadly stirs his fellow men and women can be alien to the true critic's function.

Yet it is plain, and to be plainly stated, that this popular furore over a dominant piece of purpose-fiction tends to obscure critical tests and canons. Those who read as they run, incline, under such influence, to judge a work by the amount of immediate noise and intelligent comment it begets, and as a consequence one hears absurdly exaggerated encomium. "The Heavenly Twins," for example, is put on a par with "Marcella"; the truth being that beside Mrs. Ward's finished and masterful work of art, it is ill-constructed, false to life, faulty in drawing, and terribly diffuse,—in fine, the journey-work of a brilliant novice. The interest awakened by such a production is largely adventitious, because based on an appeal lying beyond artistic tests. It is well to have this clearly in mind here in the United States, where comparative criticism is but locally conceded, and where for this reason a stern insistence upon the criteria of artistic perfection is of all places most needed. It is not cause for complaint that a host of readers, the palpable majority of whom are women, welcome novels handling with more or less *elan* the relations of the sexes; the repression, by the Anglo-Saxon traditions of *convenance* in fiction, of all that side of social phenomena, results, as might be expected, in an excess of curiosity and excitement which have their morbid manifestations; but the residuum of all this ferment will be a broader outlook and a freer conception of *motifs*. If, however, we do not learn to apply rigidly and with malice prepense to any fiction whatsoever, man-made or woman-begotten, the universal rules of art, a parlous state is ours. That section of society which elects the purpose-novel as its special pet and pride may gratify its taste under promise to exempt none of this popular product from the Rhadamanthian judgment by the which all fiction must be judged; and with the agreement to keep clearly dissevered in their own minds the appeal of art and the appeal of thought.

The readers of a more genial habit and a more traditional standard make up our third and final class. They care for a story for the story's sake, and, bothering not overmuch if its likeness to life be dubious, go so far as to open arms to a fine representation of the improbable. They stand by Balzac's phrase (rarely obeyed by the master himself) that the novelist should depict the world, not as it

is, but as it may possibly become. And it is this sort of folk, we would contend, which on the whole is the best-balanced, the most humanistic, and in the long run the most influential, among novel-readers. Mr. Howells inclines to contemn a species which, to his view, still loves the rattle and the woolly horse in literature. But if he, or any other seeker after truth, will pursue the Socratic method, conversing with fellow mortals in the chance jostle of the social plexus, he will get evidence pushing towards our conclusion. The fact is that, despite all our rather self-conscious prating about art, and notwithstanding our somewhat feverish enthusiasm over introspective social questions, the clear-headed and sound-hearted folk, who (thank heaven!) are the warp of our social fabric, do not care to fret and fume for any such thing. They go to the novel for rest, amusement, illusion; as the lovers of Thackeray and Dickens did, of Scott and Dumas; as thousands now are doing with "Trilby," as true a child of the elder romanticists as was ever born. They have a deep-seated prejudice against fiction with a bad ending; so far from wishing to have a great book stamped indelibly on the mind at a first contact, they are glad to possess, as a cultivated reader expressed it to the writer, "the pleasant habit of forgetting a novel," assuring additional delight in the event of re-perusal. "The world is two-thirds bad, I know," says the *Advocatus diabole* to the stickler for high art and serious purpose. "Your 'realism' teaches me nothing, it simply repeats unsavory and belittling facts of life; and I would have none of it. Give me lies rather than literalities, or, better yet, the half-truths of a scene where the light is accented and the shadows put in corners—where they belong." Now this is unphilosophic perhaps, but it is natural and (*pace* Mr. Howells and those who jump with him) it is healthy, very. The trouble with the Howellsian view of fiction is that it is professional, and so not generally applicable. He is perfectly right—for himself.

But to argue *pro* and *con* as to this attitude of the readers who clamor for pleasant and incident-thronged novels, and who are the *casus essendi* of the Romantic reaction we are now witnessing, is, after all, aside from our main line of argument. We are not justifying their position or attacking it: we would simply register the fact of their existence, and express the conviction that, while equal in intelligence and possibly excelling in common-sense either of the two other classes, they are to-day, and will be more surely to-morrow, the strongest in numbers, and thus for practical reasons are to be respectfully regarded by the maker of tales. Mr. Crawford, in his chapters on "The Art of Fiction," insists that it is the novelist's primary business to purvey amusement. The believers in romances have a sneaking sympathy with this position, though many of them would claim, and rightly, that along with the pleasure may go a noble stimulation of ideals affording that instruction through the divine indirection of art which is as far removed from didacticism as from the irresponsibility of the thoroughgoing realist. The advantage of those whose view-hallo is for illusion lies in their being in the line of a wholesome tradition, since men and women have gone more steadily to fiction for just that than for aught else: and again, in their now perceptible and daily waxing in strength, a phenomenon due to the noticeable reaction, on the one side from the strained probing of psychologic problems; on the other, from the art substituting form for substance and a quiescent pessimism for the cheerful bustle and vigor of red-blooded humankind. It is an audience to depend on in any age, this of the romance readers, and in quality such that the writer of fiction may well trust himself to deserve its plaudits; it is a constituency which he should hesitate to lose, even if there appear to be a temporary appetite for the morbid or the naturalistic. It is a backing which, year in and year out, will sell his books and establish his fame and make his copyright a valuable inheritance to his children. RICHARD BURTON.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION." —A REPLY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I request you to publish in the next issue of your esteemed journal the following statements, hoping and trusting that you will willingly do so in justice, not only to myself, but also to the readers of THE DIAL.

Like every writer, I must expect to be criticized. Like every writer I have, however, a right to claim that my writings be not reviewed in such a way that readers of the criticism, who have not read the work criticized, must *necessarily* believe me to have written something totally different from what I have actually written. Without questioning in the least the motives of Mr. D. L. Shorey, the reviewer of my Lowell lectures on the French Revolution in THE DIAL, I charge him with having done so to the extent it possibly can be done without saying any direct untruth. The inferences drawn by Mr. Shorey from my statement in regard to Mirabeau's being and wanting to be a party by himself are his and not mine. The unbiased reader of the book will readily see why they are palpable fallacies, though at first sight they seem to be irrefutable logical conclusions. The only explanation of Mr. Shorey's misconception that I can find is that he seems to have read the lectures without paying any attention whatever to the statement of *facts* they contain. To hurl Mirabeau's exclamation, "Ah! how the immorality of my youth injures the public weal," as a shaft against me, is strange, for I quote it (II., 236), endorse it most emphatically, show its tremendous import with minute detail, make it in fact one of the two main pillars of my whole argument. The same holds good of the question of lack of confidence in Mirabeau to such a degree that I must fain believe Mr. Shorey to have skipped the twenty or more pages (scattered) treating of it.

That Mirabeau "became a new man (when he entered public life at the time of the revolution)"—he entered it much earlier, as Mr. Shorey can find briefly stated in the lectures—"and the immorality of his youth should not be counted against him" is not

"claimed" by me. Nowhere is such a statement made in the lectures, but they contain many a page showing very elaborately that my opinion is in truth much more nearly the directly opposite one than that I am made to hold. From Mr. Shorey's expatiations on the payment Mirabeau received from the court, the reader *must* conclude that I either pass it over in silence or justify it. I state the facts much more fully than he does, charge him (M.) with being "sorrily unscrupulous about how he got the money he wanted to spend," declare his "extravagant joy" over the king's liberality "was more than undignified, it was revolting," but explain the transaction and reduce the charge of "venality" to what is warranted by the facts. Mr. Shorey does not make the slightest attempt at controverting the facts adduced by me.

About Lafayette Mr. Shorey and I disagree. In his opinion there was no need of "having the searchlight of critical history turned upon" the general, for he says: "The conduct and character of Lafayette were well known long before any such search-light was discovered [!?]. However it may be elsewhere, it was known at least in France and in the United States, that in a long life tried by many tests, the conduct of Lafayette was exceptionally consistent, and that it was uniformly governed not by passion, but by principle. In all emergencies he displayed the same high qualities." If Mr. Shorey thinks that that is the way in which not only one serious historical writer, but all critical history, can be disposed of, in case the results of investigation have the misfortune not to be to his taste and to run counter to wide-spread popular opinions—well, then we differ, that is all. Again he does not make the slightest attempt at refuting the facts which I adduce—of course only an infinitesimal part of those furnished, in my opinion, by Lafayette's whole career—in support of my views, Lafayette himself being one of my authorities. Mr. Shorey's calling a charge "stale" does not undo incontestably-proved facts, and to hear in 1895 an unsubstantiated opinion of Sainte-Beuve in such a question quoted as decisive is surprising. To learn that Mirabeau was far from being free from blame in his relations to Lafayette, and that he at the same time grossly flattered and bitterly denounced him, the reader need not turn to Mr. Shorey's review; it is freely stated and blamed, but besides explained in the lectures.

If the main contents of my lectures can be said to be at all alluded to by Mr. Shorey, it is done in two or three words and in such a way that nobody can possibly guess from them what the thesis is I have tried to prove by the facts, or rather what I maintain to be demonstrated by the facts.

H. von Holst.

Chicago, January 4, 1895.

DEPARTMENTAL LIBRARIES.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

There has lately been originated in Chicago a type of libraries the career of which will greatly interest library workers in this country. The Newberry Library was the first, and now the Crerar Library seems to follow in its lead. Great general libraries have hitherto had their staff divided into departments according to the various classes of library work: there has been a catalogue department, a reference department, an accession department, and so on. A cataloguer has been supposed to have in his head the most minute details of every science—for cataloguing purposes. The reference librarian had to be acquainted with the standard literature in all the different branches of human knowledge. In former times there were such encyclopædic geniuses, who were able to grasp, as it were, the whole universe in one birds-eye view. That time is now past and gone for ever. Today every special science includes more details than the whole field of scientific thought did fifty years ago. The librarian who would be something more than the go-between of the card catalogue and the shelves, who would be able to catalogue and classify a collection of books without constantly consulting other catalogues, who would be able to rely upon his own knowledge,—in short, one who would treat the library profession as he would one of the lines of an educator's work,—must specialize. It was in recognition of this that the Newberry Library was organized as a "departmental" library, and that the Crerar Library now seems to be tending in the same direction. A couple of years ago, Miss Edith Clarke of the Newberry Library gave in the "Library Journal" (September, 1891) a very interesting account of the working of the departments in the Newberry, and I refer the reader to this paper for more detailed information. These libraries are divided into departments of science,—there will be one department of medicine, one of music, one of social sciences, and so on. This plan will enable each assistant in the library to become acquainted with every detail of the technical side of his work. In this way, furthermore, he will feel the necessity, and the possibility, of keeping his specialized knowledge up to date. As it is now in most libraries, the cataloguer, or the reference librarian, always feels the necessity of keeping himself acquainted with all the departments of science; and as this is an absolute impossibility, he will either feel that he is not doing, and cannot do, his duty as well as he should, or—and this is perhaps most often the case—he will content himself with a certain superficiality, will content himself with the scant knowledge he can pick up in looking through the current magazines and in glancing over the pages of the new books as they come under his eyes. In the departmental libraries, and in the special libraries, all this is changed. The librarian will feel that the field of literature with which he is to deal is within his grasp. He can pursue studies in the special line that interests him, without feeling that there are other things that he, in so doing, more or less neglects. In Europe, more especially in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries, where, outside of the university libraries, few libraries of any importance exist, the library assistants are all university men; and the tendency is to allow none but graduates (that is, doctors of philosophy and their equals) in the profession, because the librarian ought to be a specialist in any science and acquainted with scientific methods. This *can* be carried too far. The specialist will very often be narrow-minded, and in the library field nothing is more needed than men of broad minds. The departmental library, while giving the advantage of dividing the work on scientific lines, will keep the special departments in *one* organization, and thus facilitate the intercourse between the different departments. The staff of such a library will acquire the character of a university faculty, and this character will impose upon the members of the staff the unity of the special fields of work in which they are engaged.

Aksel G. S. Josephson.

Lenox Library, New York City, Jan. 5, 1895.

The New Books.

Memories of Seventy Years.*

"Threescore and Ten Years" is the title of a lively and readable, if at times rather sketchy, volume of reminiscences from the pen of Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known engraver. While the book is largely a record of the author's impressions of the many distinguished people he met during his career in England and in this country, sufficient data are given to convey a fair notion of his own varied past and strong personality. Born at London in 1812, Mr. Linton was early apprenticed to George Wilmot Bonner, wood engraver; and wood engraving has been, we take it, despite pretty constant activity in the fields of authorship, journalism, and political and philanthropic agitation, substantially his sheet anchor and real calling through life. Mr. Linton's journalistic experience has been, nevertheless, considerable. In 1841–2 he was editor of a Chartist newspaper called the "Odd Fellow," and in 1845 of the "Illustrated Family Journal," which latter sheet he gave up in the same year to succeed Douglas Jerrold on the "Illustrated Magazine." In 1849 he was for a few weeks subeditor, under Thornton Hunt, of the "Spectator"; and shortly after he joined Hunt in starting the "Leader," an ambitious journal which was to be "at once an organ of the European Republicans and the centre of an English republican party, after the manner of the *National* and the *Réforme* in Paris." The "Leader"—of which Hunt was chief editor, G. H. Lewes literary editor, and our author editor for foreign matters — did not last long. Says Mr. Linton:

"I had soon to find that Hunt's and Lewes's sympathies with the Republican party were not to be depended on, that they merely wanted to exploit the connection for the commercial advantage of the paper . . . which led nowhither, running, under the capricious direction of Hunt and Lewes, like Leigh Hunt's Irishman's pig, 'up all manner of streets.'"

As a free-lance journalist, Mr. Linton did yeoman service, both in prose and verse, in the twin causes of political liberalism and general philanthropy; and he was an active speaker and organizer on the popular side during the Chartist and similar movements. As an author, his credit rests chiefly on an excellent treatise on his own art, "The Masters of Wood Engraving"—a work to which, he tells us, is due the fact that "the University of Yale has honored me by conferring on me the degree of Master of Arts." For twenty-seven years Mr. Linton has been a resident of this country, a trip to the States in 1866 "to organize a party for Italy" leading to the more substantial and fruitful, if less imposing, result of his permanent engagement by Frank Leslie to conduct the pictorial portion of the "Illustrated News."

It may be gathered from the foregoing facts that Mr. Linton has been a radical, or at least an advanced liberal, in politics—universal republicanism of the vague, high-soaring, Girondist type being his ideal. He is akin, one may believe, to the class of minds dominant in the latter half of the eighteenth century, whose dogmas of human perfectibility and the divine right and innate virtue of that masterful abstraction, the "people," nerved men like Robespierre and Saint Just to the commission of utopian follies which even now, in the face of the lessons of 1794, we seem in some danger of seeing repeated. Writing of Mr. Linton to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in 1849, Carlyle spoke as follows; and we quote the description, not for its presumed literal accuracy, but because we all know the sort of man Carlyle would be apt to apply it to:

"Also do not much mind Linton, who is a well-enough meaning, but, I fear, extremely windy creature, of the Louis Blanc, George Sand, etc., species."

Were we to try our own hand with the brush, we should perhaps paint Mr. Linton as one of those amiable and well-intentioned people who, seeing everything refracted through the mists of their own super-sensibility, make a life business of righting wrong and relieving distress, seldom distinguishing between unmerited pains and pains that are penalties, knocking the shackles off the innocent victim and the convicted gallows-bird alike, and not seldom taking their pay, like their immortal type in Cervantes, in the abuse and ridicule of their clients. In revolutionary times Mr. Linton might have been a lesser Tom Paine, tempered and diluted with the humane vagaries of an Anacharsis Clootz. As times went, he did a vast deal of not altogether futile writing, speechifying, and organizing, in behalf of oppressed Italians, Poles, Irish,—of anybody, in short, that appeared to him to have a grievance,—to the no small neglect, as he confesses, of his own proper work of engraving.

Passing from our impressions of Mr. Linton to his impressions of others, we find a long list

*Threescore and Ten Years, 1820 to 1890: Recollections. By W. J. Linton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of names, eminent or notorious, ranging from Herbert Spencer to Mme. Blavatsky; from Carlyle to "Ben" Butler; from A. Bronson Alcott to Mace the pugilist; from Tennyson to Tupper — the latter of whom might have passed, says Mr. Linton, "as a most respectable grocer and possible church-warden"; from Swinburne to Robert Montgomery; from Ruskin (to whom Mr. Linton sold Brantwood) to George Francis Train, whom he once saw making a speech in support of his self-imposed Presidential candidacy. Train, he adds, spoke fluently and well, though with not much in his words.

"During his speech he went to one end of the platform, and, taking hold of his nose with one hand, ran across the platform to the other end, saying: 'Let my nose alone!' 'That,' he added, 'is the Democratic party!' Then, taking his nose with the other hand, he ran back: 'You, too, let my nose alone! That is the Republican party. I don't mean to be led by the nose by either.'"

Prominent on the list of Mr. Linton's acquaintances are Dickens, Landor, Hood, Browning, Leech, Rossetti, Mazzini, Cruikshank, Haydon, Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Longfellow, and others; and his impressions of these, where he chooses to give them, are given with a candor and an independence of conventional estimates that is refreshing. Touching Dickens, whose "real vocation was as an actor of low comedy," who "was not the gentleman," and who had "no soul of nobility in him," he quotes the following story:

"When he and Wilkie Collins and Wills (the editor of 'Household Words') went out, taking Dickens's doctor with them, to eat 'the most expensive dinner they could get,' it was an action that marked the Amphitryon of the feast, if not the others also. It is an unpleasant anecdote, but it was told me by the doctor himself, who had to prescribe for all three next day."

It is certainly not a little amusing to think of this spiteful satirist of American gluttony and neglect of table proprieties thus deliberately setting out to gorge himself to the point of apoplexy, and taking his doctor along with him as a precautionary measure.

Landor, Mr. Linton never saw, though he corresponded with him, and once received, through Browning, a dubious token of his regard in the shape of a picture "supposed to be by Michael Angelo." The gift seems to have done little more credit to the donor's heart than to his connoisseurship:

"Landor at one time had a large collection of pictures, supposed to be genuine, but seldom if ever of any worth. This 'Angelo' might be of that sort. I called on Browning to look at and to speak about the picture. It was a 'Last Judgment,' a poor and very unpleasant composition, too large and too unpleasant to be hung in a private house, a gift as of a white elephant, neither to be accepted nor refused. I got out of the difficulty by Browning telling me that the old man had no right to give it, as all his 'belongings' really belonged to his brother, Robert Landor, on whom Walter Savage was living. So Browning took charge of the elephant and relieved me."

Mr. Linton recalls George Cruikshank as "a well-built, good-looking, good-natured man, a bluff speaker who could call a spade a spade." His bump of reverence must have been poorly developed; for the author remembers him exclaiming, with some impiety, in regard to a publisher who had misquoted him in a dispute over the price of some work, "My dear sir, the publisher is a liar!" Cruikshank, however, seems to have lived, and even flourished, for some years after this incident. Speaking of Leech, Mr. Linton tells the story of the public castigation of one Bernard Gregory, a blackguard journalist turned actor, at the hands of those he had pilloried in his scandal-mongering sheet, "The Satirist."

"On a certain morning London streets were placarded with the following notice: 'Gentlemen of London! Mr. Bernard Gregory, the editor of the "Satirist," will appear to-night at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of Hamlet.' The placard had been put out by the 'Punch' contributors, the object sufficiently obvious: to oppose Gregory, who was notorious as a rascally blackmailer. John Leech called on me in the morning to tell me of their purpose and to ask me to go. Of course I went, and took a friend with me; and we got forward seats in the pit. Looking round I saw a lot of rough fellows who, I concluded, were hired as *claquers* for Gregory, and was not without fears of a fierce conflict. The curtain drew up, and the action of the play began in all serenity; but so soon as Hamlet appeared, an outcry, a burst of execration, rose so suddenly, and was so general, that one saw at once no opposition could make head against it. Hisses and hootings, cries of 'Off! Off!—Blackguard! Scoundrel!' and the like, were hurled at the actor; and the whole performance was stopped. Nothing was thrown except the storm of vociferation. Gregory faced it awhile, undauntedly impudent, then tried to make his voice heard in protest, but it was drowned in the roar of indignation. . . . At length he gave in, and as the curtain came down he seemed to cower and crouch beneath. Then the manager came forward to withdraw the piece, and the conspirators went out to moisten their parched throats. Leech was hoarse for days."

An amusing afterpiece to this tragi-comedy was the appearance of the noted pugilist, Jem Mace, as a witness in the suit for conspiracy brought by Gregory against the Duke of Brunswick, who, having been grossly assailed in "The Satirist," took a leading part in the riot. Mace, too, had been present and prominently active.

"He did not deny the part he had taken, but denied

having been hired for the conspiracy. He was asked: 'What made you active in such a matter? what interest had you in it?' His interest, he replied, in public morality; he could not help protesting against such a man disgracing the stage—or words to that effect. The judge complimented him, and said he was glad to find so much public spirit in the parish in which he had his own residence."

It is to be regretted that the tide of journalistic scurrility has even in England since risen to such a point that even the professional prowess of the high-minded Mr. Mace would be as the broom of Mrs. Partington to the Atlantic against it.

Hastily running over a few of Mr. Linton's briefer characterizations, we find Bronson Alcott set down as "a strange, mystical, gentle old philosopher, very gracious, very wordy, rather incomprehensible"; Walt Whitman as "a fine-natured, good-hearted, big fellow, a true poet who could not write poetry, much of wilfulness accounting for his neglect of form, perhaps as fatal a mistake in a poet as in a painter"; Mme. Blavatsky as "a fat, vulgar-looking woman, not, one could not help thinking, at all likely to be mistaken for a prophetess, no sibyl, but a veritable old witch, with nothing venerable about her"; Mr. Stoddard as "the highest poetic genius now living in America"; Mr. Swinburne (in 1861) as "a young man looking like a boy, and with a boyish manner, jumping about as he became excited in speaking, yet interesting and attractive"; Place, the "Westminster tailor," as a "fierce Malthusian—with a large family"; Rossetti as "an Italian of the time of the Medici, not without thoughts and superstitions of that period, a man of genius both in art and literature, one, however, hindering the other, the literary predominating, and by which he will be best recollected"; and Harriet Martineau as "a good-looking, interesting old lady, very deaf, but cheerful and eager for news, which she did not always catch correctly." Of Miss Martineau Mr. Linton adds:

"With all her manly self-dependence and strict intentional honesty, with all her credit for practical common sense, she was as much a poet as her brother, the Rev. James; a romancer even in the region of economical facts, even in those hard 'Poor Law Tales,' when under Lord Brougham she was preparing to prove the necessity for the Poor Law Amendment Act, that crowning harshness of Whig rule. She has never had justice done to her on this ground of romance."

In his chapter on American poets Mr. Linton quotes a letter from Whittier, written in reply to his request for the exact date of the latter's birth, to which we beg to call the attention of the poet's excellent biographer, Mr. Pickard. Mr. Pickard gives the date as "the 17th of December, 1807"; but we find Whittier writing: "My birthday was the very last of the year 1807."

Mr. Linton's book is, as we have tried to show, lively, pleasantly discursive, and strongly individual in tone, its main fault being an occasional tendency to run reminiscence into a mere list of notable names. The pages on the Chartist agitation, its aims, its incidents, and its heroes, are of stable interest. Materially, the volume is a tasteful one; and there is a fine portrait of the author, showing a most kindly and venerable face—truly "a face like a benediction."

E. G. J.

The Way of the Gods in Japan.*

To an audience of Athenians on Mars' Hill, Paul said: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are altogether superstitious." One might likewise stand before an audience of Japanese and say: "Ye men of Nippon, I perceive that in all things ye are altogether superstitious." For most faithfully and devoutly do the mass of the Japanese worship their innumerable deities, estimated with the indefinite expression, "eighty myriads." And the relation between men and gods there is so familiar that the former, when calling the latter to receive homage and hear prayer, use the same method, the clapping of the hands, that is employed in summoning servants. Thus, in Japan, deities are treated like domestics; in America, domestics conduct themselves as if they were deities! And these Japanese gods are so numerous, so ubiquitous, and so democratic, that Mr. Percival Lowell, in his new book on "Occult Japan," is "tempted to include them in the census, and to consider the population of Japan as composed of natives, globe-trotters, and gods."

It was in an unexpected and strange way that Mr. Lowell himself, though a Western "barbarian," got into the presence of the gods, and, after that introduction, was enabled to cultivate their acquaintance. He was ascending, for recreation, a sacred mount, named Ontake, when he fell in with three pilgrims, and became an uninvited spectator of a series of esoteric rites of divine incarnation. This interesting revelation led him into further investigation, and re-

* Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods: An Esoteric Study of Japanese Personality and Possession. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sulted in a series of papers on "Esoteric Shinto," read before the Asiatic Society of Japan and published in the "Transactions" of that body. These papers, revised, together with about a hundred additional pages and four illustrations, make up "Occult Japan," which is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the study of folk-lore, anthropology, and comparative religion.

This book contains a minute description of several "miracles," such as "the ordeal of boiling water," "walking bare-foot over a bed of live coals," "climbing a ladder of sword-blades," "the descent of the thunder-god" into a kettle of boiling rice, "calling down fire from heaven" to light the tobacco in a pipe, etc. The last two were absolute "fakes"; but the first three were actually performed in Mr. Lowell's presence. The theory of the Japanese with reference to miracles is that they can be performed only by those who are absolutely pure in body and heart, and who, to obtain that purity, have gone through with certain sacred rites. But that theory was demolished when Mr. Lowell's "boy" suddenly jumped out of the audience and climbed the ladder of sword-blades. The successful performance of these miracles is ascribed by Mr. Lowell to two things—"a thicker skin in the priests [the performers] and a thicker skull in the people." And it seems quite probable that "doubtless credulity is the mother of miracles, but doubtless, also, with the far eastern family of them, a pachydermatous sole step-fathers the process. For most of them are questions of cuticle."

From the miracle of walking barefoot on live coals an interesting "moral" has been evolved, and is thus explained by the high priest:

"The object of the rite is that the populace may see that the god when duly besought can take away the burning spirit of fire while permitting the body of it to remain. For so can he do with the hearts of men; the bad spirit may be driven out and the good put in its place while still the man continues to exist."

About one-third of the book is given up to the subject of "incarnations," or "possession by the gods." In order to enjoy a divine visit, human beings must be pure; and the two chief exercises that induce purity are washings and fasting, "ablution and abstinence." There are three forms in accordance with which a religious trance is brought on; the elaborate Ryōbu ceremony, employed by those who have followed that confused mixture of Buddhism and Shinto; the pure Buddhist ceremony, which is peculiar in that "the god shows a preference for feminine lips"; and the pure Shinto ceremony, which is plain and simple, and lacks the excessive ritual of the other two. The details of all these forms are fully described, and a very careful comparison is made by Mr. Lowell. It is impossible to summarize this portion of his book, which must be read *in toto;* but it is possible to quote a characteristic passage or two:

"It [the pure Shinto ceremony] is nothing more or less than a divine banquet, with the god himself for an after-dinner speaker. The dinner is all-essential to the affair, as it is to all Shinto rites. For the Shinto practice of dining its deities is not confined to the ceremony of possession. Wherever the gods are invoked, for any cause whatsoever, they are induced to descend by the prospect of a dinner. A repast stands perpetually prepared on all Shinto altars; shrines being, to put it irreverently, free-lunch counters for deity, while every Shinto service is but a special banquet given some particular god. One comes to conceive of a Shinto god's life as one continuous round of dining out. To induce an after-dinner mood in a god whom one wishes to propitiate is doubtless judicious."

"But such [shams] are easily exploded. An unexpected pin in a tender part of the possessed's body instantly does the business. For a god is sublimely superior to being made a pin-cushion of, while a mere man invariably objects to it."

A chapter is devoted to pilgrimages and pilgrim clubs. The former are called "peripatetic picnic parties, faintly flavored with piety"; and yet, with reference to Shinto, are "more than foot-notes to its creed." The pilgrim clubs are "not an imported institution, but a custom indigenous to Japan"; they contain generally a membership of from one hundred to five hundred persons, while the largest club has about twelve thousand members. These clubs are regularly officered and carefully managed; and they send on the annual pilgrimages representatives chosen by lot. The pilgrimage to Ise, where "there is nothing to see, and they won't let you see it," is made in spring, "when the cherries blow"; other pilgrimages are made in midsummer; and at both seasons pilgrims and pilgrim clubs have "the right of way."

In the last hundred pages of the book is given a metaphysical discussion of hypnotism, trances, etc., with special reference to "things Japanese." There is an analysis of certain Japanese mental characteristics, such as lack of originality, uncommon imitativeness, absence of reasoning, general incapacity for abstract ideas, and decorous demeanor. There is also an application of the thought of the caviller who changed Pope's well-known verse into the statement—

"An honest god 's the noblest work of man."

For Mr. Lowell says of people's gods:

"In their characters generally you shall see reflected

the race characteristics. In Japan the gods are eminently Japanese. They are dignified, artistic, simple souls, of the most exceptional deportment. Their life is made up of one long chain of ornamental, if somewhat conventional, moments."

And, of course, the man who wrote "The Soul of the Far East" to prove that the Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans have no "soul," no personality, no individuality, finds in these religious trances additional proof of that idea, and also of "a curiously conceived impersonal kind of deity."

En passant, Mr. Lowell gives the following opinion of Buddhism:

"Emotionally its tenets do not at bottom satisfy us occidentals, flirt with them as we may. Passivity is not our passion, preach it as we are prone to do each to his neighbor. Scientifically, pessimism is foolishness, and impersonality a stage in development from which we are emerging, not one into which we shall ever relapse. As a dogma it is unfortunate, doing its devotee in the deeper sense no good, but it becomes positively faulty when it leads to practical ignoring of the mine and thine, and does other people harm."

Having recently been treated to Mr. Hearn's analysis of Shinto, we are delighted to have Mr. Lowell give his idea of what Shinto is:

"To foreign students . . . Shinto has seemed little better than the ghost of a belief, far too insubstantial a body of faith to hold a heart. To ticket its gods and pigeon-hole its folk-lore has appeared to be the end of a study of its cult."

"Shinto is the Japanese conception of the cosmos. It is a combination of the worship of nature and of their own ancestors. . . . To the Japanese eye, the universe itself took on the paternal look. Awe of their parents, which these people could comprehend, lent explanation to dread of nature, which they could not. Quite cogently, to their minds, the thunder and the typhoon, the sunshine and the earthquake, were the work not only of anthropomorphic beings, but of beings ancestrally related to themselves. In short, Shinto . . . is simply the patriarchal principle projected without perspective into the past, dilating with distance into deity." [Rather excessively alliterative!]

"Shinto is thus an adoration of family wraiths, or of imputed family wraiths; imaginaries of the first and the second order in the analysis of the universe."

"Shinto is so Japanese it will not down. It is the faith of these people's birthright, not of their adoption. Its folk-lore is what they learned at the knee of the race-mother, not what they were taught from abroad. Buddhist they are by virtue of belief; Shinto by virtue of being."

In the December (1894) issue of "The Popular Science Monthly" a scholarly Japanese gives his definition of Shinto as a religion of personal purity, of "merry-making," of "naïve optimism." We now await with interest Dr. Griffis's analyses of Shinto, Buddhism, and Confucianism, in his coming work on "The Religions of Japan."

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

EARLY LONDON THEATRES.*

Mr. T. Fairman Ordish's volume on "Early London Theatres" purports to be a "theatrical history," a study of playhouses rather than plays, except where the latter are found to throw some fresh light on the evolution of the stage and the appurtenances. In spite of the author's antiquarian professions, there is a gratuitous and delightful strand of literary allusion running through the book, finally widening and expanding into a discussion of Henslowe's Diary, distinguished autographs, Ben Jonson's duel and the various appearances of his and Shakespeare's plays,—all of which is, to the average mind, more interesting than the bulk of the volume, and, indeed, is of a certain importance in establishing the topographical and archæological points in view. "Rare old Ben" comes in edgewise, with a frequency that needs, perhaps, no excuse when it is recalled how he bullies posterity for recognition. Though a tolerably good biography of him could be picked up along the way, there are other *obiter dicta* which are tantalizingly brief. Mr. Ordish has a way of postponing many elusive matters till the "end of the chapter," or "the second volume"—which, we hasten to say, will treat more especially of the Shakespearian theatres, Blackfriars and The Globe. The omission of these for the present is justified by the fact that the earliest playhouses were erected outside the town "in the fields,"—owing to the "official war" that was waged against them as "siminaries of impiety."

After describing the scaffolds and stages made in the streets for the representations of plays, before theatres were constructed, and advancing the theory that the amphitheatres south of London and in Cornwall, where national sports and pastimes were cultivated, had more effect in determining the configuration of the early British theatre than did the arrangement of churches and their much-exploited miracle-plays and moralities, Mr. Ordish considers in seven chapters The Theatre, the first London playhouse, where Marlowe's "Faustus" and the old pre-Shakespearian "Hamlet" were given; The Curtain, which had the longest existence of all the London playhouses, and was associated, probably, with the first "Romeo" and "Every Man in his Humour"; the Surrey side, with its Tabard Inn and residences

* EARLY LONDON THEATRES (In the Fields). By T. Fairman Ordish, F.S.A. "The Camden Library." London: Elliot Stock. New York: Macmillan & Co.

of actors; the amphitheatres with movable stages and bear-baitings (a Spanish ambassador's graphic description, p. 131); the Newington Butts, with its "unrecorded dramatic history," The Rose, Hope Theatre, Paris Garden, and The Swan. The last chapter is a decided contribution to antiquarian research. As the author claims, "the upshot is practically to rescue from oblivion another of the old playhouses." The volume is replete with maps, illustrations, and reproductions of old prints; and it is agreeably indexed. Abundant acknowledgments are made to the previous investigations of Rendle and Halliwell-Phillipps.

A glance through these chapters reveals anew how essential was the theatre to the social development of England. Only in the churches and in the playhouses did all sections of Elizabethan society meet; and Sunday was the day set apart for the one as for the other,—indeed, bear-baitings occurred regularly "on the Sondayes in the afternone after divine service." "The people had become accustomed to the stimulus and pleasure of dramatic representations; and not the long tramp to Finsbury Fields, not the roughness displayed by the groundlings nor the fact that idle and dissolute characters inevitably haunted the playhouse, nor even the real and terrible danger of the plague, could turn the Elizabethan playgoer from the pastime he loved." The city fathers little realized that the theatre was the outcome of the public sports which had been cultivated under their sanction and encouragement for many generations. Their repressive measures are less interesting to read about, because less picturesque, than the diatribes of the clergy of the period. The offensive vituperation thrown off in the white heat of Puritan indignation, the inflated conviction of the pulpit that "the door of a play-house was equivalent to hell-mouth," is pictured in the racy sermonic extracts collated by Mr. Ordish, and furnishes a convenient connecting link between Tertullian and Dr. Herrick Johnson.

The lover of theatrical gossip will here find many trivial but spicy incidents tucked away amid much learning. He will read, with a modern zest which finally erases the gap of three hundred years, that "apparently such a thing as a poorhouse was unknown at the first London theatre; and assuredly the prices were popular"; that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was witnessed by "ten thousand spectators at least"; that The Theatre was finally taken down piece by piece and carried bodily to Bankside, where "with the sayd timber and wood" was erected the famous Globe. He will follow the ancient rivalries between The Theatre and The Curtain, The Globe and The Rose, as if he knew the several managers. He will finger the copper lace charged to the actors on Henslowe's books. He will receive instructive hints as to certain scenes from Shakespeare,—as when he reads: "You may be sure the wrestling match in 'As You Like It' was no child's play or stage business, but was watched with critical attention; for it was an element brought into the play from the life of the people. . . . The existence of the playhouse implied a more highly organized celebration of the national plays and games." Thus the volume possesses an interest to the general reader as well as to the antiquarian. Its style is readable and painstaking. It will doubtless be an authoritative reference-book on the subject of London playhouses.

G. M. Hyde.

Ropes's History of the Civil War.*

Mr. Ropes has undertaken his "Story of the Civil War" in the spirit of the true historian. His plan, as stated by himself, is "to write of the subjects treated from the standpoint of each of the contending parties." "In my judgment," he adds, "the war should not be so depicted as to imply that the North and the South differed and quarreled about the same things. This was not the fact. The questions presented to the men of the North were not the same as those with which their Southern contemporaries had to deal." Whether or not we fully agree with this last statement, it is evident that this book is not written in the interest of either combatant or of any theory. A vast mass of material for the history of the war has been contributed in the form of personal experiences and partisan accounts. We are now far enough away from the passions of the time to allow both scholarly writing and unprejudiced reading about the great struggle.

Though claiming to be simply a narrative of the military events of the war, this first volume, at least, is largely taken up with a description of the political situation in 1860 and 1861, and the inter-relations of politics and the military plans and operations. Mr. Ropes first contrasts

* The Story of the Civil War. A Concise Account of the War in the United States of America between 1861 and 1865. By John Codman Ropes. Part I. To the Opening of the Campaign of 1862. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the views of the sections as to the relation of the States and the Nation. The South claimed and believed that the United States was not a single nation, but a collection of nations, united by a treaty known as the Constitution. Though the question has been settled now adversely to this position, it was honestly maintained by the vast majority of the men of the South, and formed the basis of their political thought and action; from it the right of Secession naturally followed. The North as honestly believed that the United States, whatever they may have been in 1789, constituted but one nation in 1861, and so denied the right of Secession as destructive of the nation they loved. These differences were irreconcilable. The Southerners were fighting for the integrity of their nations against ruthless Northern aggression; the Northerners fought to preserve the integrity of the nation they loved. The conflict was such as to kindle the patriotic feelings of both the contending parties. And though the North considered the war a Rebellion, it was in fact a war between nations, a war of conquest, and was so waged. It was not a rising for the redress of grievances, with two parties corresponding to the Patriots and the Loyalists of the Revolution; it was substantially a unanimous rising in behalf of their imperilled nations, and as such was a patriotic war. This may be a rather strong putting of the actual case, yet there is enough foundation for it to free from the moral guilt of treason those who resigned from the Federal service to go with their States. It was their duty to go with their States, if they believed their allegiance to belong there first; and the treatment which the Southern leaders received, whether as prisoners or after their defeat, corresponded with this view.

The question of the Southern forts is taken up in the second chapter; and here, as on the general question of the War, Mr. Ropes declares that the positions of the parties were so utterly opposed that all criticism of one from the standpoint of the other is illegitimate and valueless. What the positions were can be readily inferred from the general theories above noted. But in any case the seizure was really an act of war — which was thus begun before any hostile act had been committed by the national government — and justifiable only as a necessity in view of impending war. In discussing the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, Mr. Ropes seems to criticize rather harshly Major Anderson's failure to ask for more troops, in view of the hostile preparations making against the fort by South Carolina, and especially because he used the words "my policy" in speaking of his disinclination to precipitate the outbreak of open hostilities. He gave the government full information as to his situation; he had been given full discretion; if the government had wished to press matters to a conclusion, it was open to it to do so. The responsibility should and does rest upon the government at the centre, where broad plans were to be matured, rather than on a subordinate officer immured within the narrow walls of a fortress. Besides, Mr. Ropes acknowledges that the outcome was better, all responsibility for the outbreak being thrown upon the South, and in such a way as to evoke a most astonishing outburst of patriotic enthusiasm throughout the North when Sumter fell.

One notes with interest, and with a query, the author's statement that the men of the South had greater aptitude for war than their opponents. They loved it, and entered upon it with the enthusiasm that brings success. To the men of the North, on the other hand, war was wholly distasteful; they went into it wholly from a sense of duty, but with a grim determination to win, and to punish those who were to blame for it. The several advantages and disadvantages of the respective sections are clearly described.

The chapter on the Battle of Bull Run is perhaps the best in the book. Here the author's peculiar skill as a military historian and critic shows itself. Without loading his description with detail, he has clearly presented the plans of the commanders, the disposition of the respective forces, and the movement of the battle, in a masterly way; and his criticisms seem just. The defeat of the Northern forces he considers a deserved punishment for the folly of the administration in forcing an aggressive battle with raw levies, when nothing of permanent importance was to be gained by victory.

We pass over the discussion of plans and preparations in East and West, to note Mr. Ropes's estimates of some of the prominent characters of the war. General Buell he considers the ablest soldier by far that the period produced,—equal to McClellan as an organizer and disciplinarian, far superior "in military sagacity, in clear and unprejudiced vision, and in decision of character." Buell's comprehensive plan of operations was rejected by Lincoln and McClellan on one side and Halleck on the

other, only to be followed at last when its wisdom had been proved by the failure of the rival plans. Only a part of McClellan's melancholy career belongs to the period covered by this volume, but the great change from unbounded popularity and confidence to distrust and dissatisfaction appears long before the campaign of 1862 is entered upon. Mr. Ropes does not blame McClellan for deferring extensive operations against the enemy until spring, for he considers the army unready for a great aggressive campaign without long drill and the development of a true military spirit. But he does blame him for his neglect of opportunities for easily recovering the confidence of the country and improving the spirit of his troops, for his indecision and lack of enterprise, for his flat disobedience of orders in leaving Washington insufficiently protected when he transferred his army to the Peninsula, and especially for his unfortunate tendency to be governed by his imagination, which was uncommonly active, rather than by common sense. Referring to his insistence upon Buell's movement into East Tennessee against disadvantages amounting almost to impossibilities, the author says:

"Nothing shows more clearly the imaginative side of McClellan's mind, and his absolute inability to take any interest in or bestow any careful thought upon any subject that did not appeal to his imagination, than this curious letter. . . . But it is plain that none of these things [the difficulties] even entered the mind of General McClellan. His head was full of his own campaign in Virginia, and nothing interested him that was not, or might not be supposed in some way to be, related to his own operations there. And, as a sort of justification for his decision, he had conjured up before his imagination a vision of an eager and grateful population, in half of the States of the Confederacy, flocking to the Union standard as soon as it should be unfurled on the mountains of East Tennessee, and of 'immense results' therefrom arising."

And elsewhere he says:

"McClellan's imagination was, in fact, always carrying him away from the facts before him, always inducing him to see things in distorted shapes — and sometimes, as we shall see later, impelling him to do things which he would not have done had he from the first resolutely determined never to let himself be ruled by his fancies and his prejudices."

Mr. Ropes's treatment of President Lincoln is unsympathetic, and, perhaps unconsciously, depreciatory. "Puerile impatience," "singular orders," "this extraordinary production," "this is really ludicrous in its minimizing of the facts of the situation [of his proclamation after the fall of Fort Sumter]," "Mr. Lincoln's serious defects as an administrator,—as a man of affairs," "futile and useless suggestions," "lack of confidence and of ordinary courtesy," — such are the terms in which he allows himself to speak of the President and his acts, while speaking admiringly only of his political sagacity. The facts he himself presents do not seem to warrant the expressions used; while the full history of the times, as it is disclosed, only increases our admiration for him who bore the crushing burden of the government, and places him higher upon the world's calendar of really great men.

We have reason to be grateful to Mr. Ropes for this work, and shall look for the remaining volumes with keen expectation. It is in the best sense popular, being clear, untechnical, free from confusing details, and at the same time based on ample research and written in a judicial spirit.

C. H. Cooper.

Recent Fiction.*

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has for many years been an Institution in American letters, and almost any sort of good work was to be expected of him. But with all his reputation to back it, the excellence of "A Little Journey in the World," published about five years ago, and making its author for the first time a novelist, was something of a surprise even to those most familiar with his writings. It was so unexpectedly good in so many ways, in its shrewd

*The Golden House. A Novel. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

John March, Southerner. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When All the Woods Are Green. A Novel. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

The Honorable Peter Stirling, and What People Thought of Him. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Double Emperor. A Story of a Vagabond Cunarder. By W. Laird Clowes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Centuries Apart. By Edward T. Bouvé. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The Lilac Sunbonnet. A Love Story. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The People of the Mist. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The God in the Car. A Novel. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Amygdala. A Tale of the Greek Revolution. By Mrs. Edmonds. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Sibylla. By Sir H. S. Cunningham, K.C.I.E. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Lourdes. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

Eyes Like the Sea. By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by R. Nisbet Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Synnöve Solbakken. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Given in English by Julie Sutter. New York: Macmillan & Co.

observation and kindly satire, in the unwonted finish of its style and the delicacy of its characterization, best of all, in its persistent exaltation of certain old-fashioned ideals of conduct and conceptions of life that are apt to get crowded below the horizon of such men of the world as Mr. Warner. This is the eternal difficulty in fiction. The young writer may have the fine enthusiasms and the first literary instincts, but he is only beginning his acquaintance with life, and he cannot describe it with force and discernment. On the other hand, the writer who knocks about in the world rarely escapes the contagion of its slow stain, and most often comes to know life only at the expense of the freshness of his ideals. It was because Mr. Warner, in his first attempt at extended fiction-writing, seemed to show that it was possible to avoid impalement upon the horn of this dilemma, to prove that the mellowness of experience might be gained without loss of faith in the nobler human impulses, it was for these reasons that the story was notable. We are justified in making these remarks about an old book in a review of "Recent Fiction" for the simple reason that they are quite as applicable to one of the newest of novels — to "The Golden House," which is, in fact, a continuation of the story published five years ago. Here is traced for us the career of Henderson from his second marriage to his death. Wealthier and wealthier he grows, and with each step gained recedes farther and farther from the reach of our sympathies. No one recognizes better than himself the uselessness and hopelessness of the whole struggle, but he cannot shape his character anew. The fierce excitement of the earlier stages in his career of worldly success has long since subsided, and he continues to amass wealth only by a sort of dull instinct, and because there is nothing else in the world for him to do. Finally, death strikes him unexpectedly, and he passes from the scene unmourned, save by those whose selfish interests are jeopardized by his undiscounted taking-off. But the sympathy that we cannot feel for Henderson finds among the other characters ample scope for action. There are the self-sacrificing workers among the slums—for Mr. Warner makes effective use of the contrast between the New York of fashion and frivolity and the New York of toil and degradation — and there is the heroine of the story, Edith Delancey, who keeps her soul sweet and pure amidst the enervating and corrupting influences of her environment, and whose love finally prevails to save her husband's weaker soul from ruin. Mr. Warner's style is at its mellowest and best in this novel. How good it is, and how delicately it can satirize the foibles of the society that its master has had so much practice in delineating, must be illustrated by one short extract.

"Edith's day had been as busy as Jack's, notwithstanding she had put aside several things that demanded her attention. She denied herself the morning attendance on the Literature Class that was raking over the eighteenth century. This week Swift was to be arraigned. The last time when Edith was present it was Steele. The judgment, on the whole, had been favorable, and there had been a little stir of tenderness among the bonnets over Thackeray's comments on the Christian soldier. It seemed to bring him near to them. 'Poor Dick Steele,' said the essayist. Edith declared afterwards that the large woman who sat next to her, Mrs. Jerry Hollowell, whispered to her that she always thought his name was Bessemer; but this was, no doubt, a pleasantry. It was a beautiful essay, and so stimulating! And then there was bouillon, and time to look about at the toilets. Poor Steele, it would have cheered his life to know that a century after his death so many beautiful women, exquisitely dressed, would have been concerning themselves about him. The function lasted two hours. Edith made a little calculation. In five minutes she could have got from the encyclopædia all the facts in the essay, and while her maid was doing her hair she could have read five times as much of Steele as the essayist read. And, somehow, she was not stimulated, for the impression seemed to prevail that now Steele was disposed of. And she had her doubts whether literature would, after all, prove to be a permanent social distraction. But Edith may have been too severe in her judgment. There was probably not a woman in the class that day who did not go away with the knowledge that Steele was an author, and that he lived in the eighteenth century. The hope of the country is in the diffusion of knowledge."

The name of Thackeray occurs in the above extract; let us take the hint, and say at once that Thackeray himself could not have done this particular thing any better than Mr. Warner has done it. A final word must be given to Mr. W. T. Smedley's illustrations, which are conspicuously excellent, both for drawing and for sympathy. Writer and artist would appear to have seen the same things with the same eyes, so complete is the understanding between them.

It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Cable the novelist once more, for reasons both positive and negative. The positive reason is, of course, that Mr. Cable is one of the half dozen best writers of fiction that America has produced; the negative reason is that in re-welcoming the novelist we may hope to have seen the last of the doctrinaire writer upon the great Race Question of the New South. Let Mr. Cable incorporate that question into his novels as much as he will (and he has made considerable use of it in the present instance), but he will do well to avoid it as a subject for further serious discussion. "John March, Southerner" is the story of a young man who was born in the late fifties, and who thus grew up to manhood during the period of reconstruction. We first meet him as a child at the time of Lee's surrender, and we part with him in early manhood, a citizen of the New South of our own days. This scheme enables the writer to place before our eyes a series of graphic pictures, enlivened by humor, pathos, and dramatic episode, of the typical phases in the emergence of the new *régime* from the old. There is first the blank despair of defeat, then the slowly reawakening will, then the advent of the carpet-bagger and the hideous period of negro misrule; last of all, there is the acceptance of the new

conditions, the recognition by the superior race of its responsibilities accompanied by the reassertion of its intelligence, and the effort to develope the material resources of a land lagging half a century behind the rest of civilization. This is the series of pictures that Mr. Cable has drawn for us, and illustrated by types of character appropriate to the scene. It is true that the pictures are too often mere flash-light photographs, which leave us bewildered in the endeavor to connect them in logical sequence, and that the broad general outlines of the characters are not readily decipherable; but the book contains such a wealth of happily conceived detail, and so hurries us on from one pleasant surprise to another, that we are not disposed to criticize very harshly its failure to impress the reader as a harmonious and well-cemented whole. Besides, all readers of Mr. Cable's other novels know that this is precisely the failure most characteristic of their author.

"When All the Woods Are Green" is a sweet and wholesome story of love and adventure in the forests of Eastern Canada. Three weeks of camping and salmon-fishing, enjoyed by a family party on the one hand, and an adventitious young man on the other, furnish the sufficient setting for this tale. It need hardly be added that the family of campers provides a suitable heroine, and that the young man in question becomes less and less adventitious as the story runs on. The element of adventure is supplied, first by an opportune bear, and later by an attempt at murder on the part of one of the natives. But neither the bear nor the native is permitted to introduce an element of tragedy into the situation, although the latter comes dangerously near doing so. It may be objected that too bookish a character is often given to the conversation, and occasional verbal infelicities, such as the objectionable preposition "onto" and the equally objectionable adverb "illy," may be pointed out. But these are trifling defects in a narrative which is charmingly set forth as a whole, and which displays remarkable powers of quiet incisive characterization. There is an even excellence about this, as about all of Dr. Mitchell's literary work, which makes minute criticism captious, and which, combined with lightness of touch, and sympathetic handling of the material, makes us feel that we are in good company, and wish that the acquaintance might be prolonged.

When the Great American Novel shall have been born — and we hope some day to chronicle that happy occurrence — it will become interesting to trace its spiritual genesis, not merely in the mind and heart of its creator, but in the antecedent literature which shall have been tending toward so great a consummation. Many earlier attempts, to our present purblind vision seemingly abortive, will then be seen to have contained within themselves the germ of the flower so long hoped for, to have displayed flashes of insight into the essential nature of the problem so long unsolved. If, then, some student of comparative literary embryology shall chance to exhume from the mould of the year now just ended a novel called "The Honorable Peter Stirling," the work of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, we fancy that he will recognize it as having been one of the precursors of the final triumph, as having had some dim glimpses, at least, of the aim that the Great American Novelist is bound to have in view. For that aim must be, must it not? to plunge into the heart of American life, to converge upon some focal situation the various streams of social energy that perform the functions of the organism. It will not be easy to determine exactly what elements should contribute to such a synthesis, but it may be confidently asserted, at least, that the political element cannot be spared. For good or for evil we possess as a nation the political instinct as few nations have ever possessed it. Now Mr. Ford has seized upon this truth, and has made politics the mainspring of his book. His hero, who is one of the strongest and most vital characters that have appeared in our fiction, is first and foremost a politician. Plunged in the thick of New York politics, coming into close contact with all sorts of political types, even the most degraded, not shrinking from any task, however disagreeable, he shows us by his example how a man may keep clean in the worst surroundings, and emphasises the lesson that it is only by temporarily accepting politics as they are that we can hope eventually to make them what they should be. The implied rebuke to those who merely scold, sitting aloof in the seat of the scornful, is all the more severe because it is conveyed only by implication. To discern the soul of good in so evil a thing as municipal politics calls for sympathies that are not often united with a sane ethical outlook; but Peter Stirling is possessed of the one without losing his sense of the other, and it is this combination of qualities that makes of him so impressive and admirable a figure. The book is not all politics. A very charming love-story relieves the harshness of the central theme. Numerous minor types flit in and out of the scene, and the scene itself shifts often enough to afford an agreeable variety. But the main interest attaches, after all, to the "practical idealist" of the title, a figure far from prepossessing at the outset, but gaining steadily upon the affections and the esteem as the story pursues its course. "The Honorable Peter Stirling" is not the Great American Novel for several reasons. Its style is very faulty, for one thing, and the writer's touch is heavy where it should be light, for another. But it is both a readable and an ethically helpful book, remarkable as coming from a writer without training (as far as we know) in the art of fiction, and hence deserving of cordial commendation.

Some time ago, Mr. Herbert Ward wrote a story in which the President of the United States, inveigled on board of a swift cruiser, was kidnapped and held for ransom. More recently, Mr. "Anthony Hope" has told the story of a German monarch,

also feloniously entrapped, whose place was taken by a man strikingly similar in appearance, the subjects of the prince remaining unconscious of the deception. We do not say that Mr. Clowes, the author of "The Double Emperor," has actually taken his story from these sources, but it is a theory hardly to be avoided by anyone who has read the two tales in question. In this case, the Emperor of Lusatia (read Germany) is the victim of the kidnappers, who are enterprising Americans, and who carry out their nefarious scheme through the innocent offices of one Esek Hoodlum, of New York, who was once a fellow-student with the Emperor, who has his confidence, and who writes articles about him for "Scrarpner's Magazine." It was really a little unkind to rechristen Mr. Poultney Bigelow with so very objectionable a name, to say nothing of representing him as so extremely gullible as he here appears. But this is merely parenthetical. The Emperor's double is a young cavalry officer, who has been trained to personate his master, and thereby relieve the latter from attendance upon all sorts of Lusatian ceremonials. The abduction of the real Emperor, consequently, fails to produce the intended effect, for no one discovers that he has been abducted until after his escape, return, and proclamation of the fact. This outline of a wildly improbable but fairly interesting story gives the main facts, but no idea of how ingeniously the details are worked out. It is purely a story of incident and adventure, with nothing that bears the remotest resemblance to delineation of character. Indeed, so wooden a collection of puppets are not often worked by a novelist. Of course, it all ends happily, and the villainous Colonel Snaggs, the arch-plotter, meets with a just retribution for his crimes.

The irruption of the Scotsman into literature is one of the most noteworthy of present-day movements. We do not now refer to Stevenson and Mr. Lang, who long ago became cosmopolitans, but to such writers as Mr. Barrie, "Ian Maclaren," and Mr. S. R. Crockett, all of whom remain intensely local, at least in their most characteristic productions. It is to the latter of the three, the chronicler of Galloway, that our attention is just now directed by "The Lilac Sunbonnet," a novel that seems to us distinctly superior to anything yet done by the annalist of Thrums. Mr. Crockett very frankly calls this book "a love-story," and a love-story it is, charming and unabashed. It has, moreover, the setting of Scotch landscape and the background of a narrow and disputatious theology that have been turned to effective account by many a love-story teller before, from the author of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" to the author of "A Daughter of Heth." The account of that remnant of the faithful, the "true Kirk of God in Scotland; commonly called the Marrow Kirk," is as delightful a piece of theological characterization as we have often met with, although it verges upon the burlesque when the two men who constitute the entire ministry of the communion are made solemnly to depose one another from office, thus leaving "the Kirk o' the Marrow, precious and witnessing," without any head at all. But our main concern is, after all, with the two young people whose love-story goes on in spite of the dangers impending over the kirk, and who are, in fact, unwittingly the cause of so close an approach to so disastrous an extinction. It is a story told in prose by one who is a poet at heart; who permits his pen to rhapsodize when ordinary prose would be inadequate, but who never goes too far in exuberant expression, and rounds up every sentimental passage with some sly or shrewdly satirical observation that leaves one in doubt whether to laugh or to weep. "It is a fallacy common among girls that young men desire them as sisters"—Mr. Crockett's satire has no shafts more keenly-pointed than this. Even the dialect talk which he uses is so manifestly accurate, so brimming over with life and humor, that we cannot find a harsh name for it, albeit there is no slight difficulty in its comprehension, and it represents a prevalent literary tendency that ought to be frowned upon.

After writing something like a score of novels, the most fertile of inventions is likely to flag; and we are not surprised to find in "The People of the Mist" a rearrangement of the materials already exploited in "She," "King Solomon's Mines," and "Montezuma's Daughter." From the first two of these ingenious productions Mr. Haggard has borrowed the mysterious African people isolated from the rest of the world, the rock excavations, and the colossal statue carved from the mountain-side; from the latter he has taken the whole framework of the new romance. In fact, so obvious a reproduction of one's former self passes the bounds of the permissible. And yet, such is the instinctive craving of the normally-constituted mind for adventure and romantic happenings generally, thousands of readers will become absorbed in the fortunes of Mr. Haggard's newest heroes, while recognizing almost every incident as hackneyed, and while realizing the slipshod style of the narrative, or rather its total lack of anything that is properly to be called style. Even the cheap device of astonishing an untutored people by the display of firearms is once more pressed into service, while the old trick of posing for gods with a barbarous tribe is the mainspring of the action. It is all very familiar, but it is also very thrilling, and boys of most ages will welcome the story in spite of its many imperfections.

A story of even greater improbability than that just described is the work of Mr. Edward T. Bouvé, and is entitled "Centuries Apart." Since, in the case of "The Double Emperor," we have ventured to construct a possible line of literary descent, a similar suggestion may by allowed in the present instance. The elements of "Centuries Apart" *might* have been derived from three books: Mr. Marriott-Watson's "Marahuna," Mr. Murray's "Gobi or Shamo," and Mr. Clemens's "A Yankee at the

Court of King Arthur." The first of these novels supplies the idea of mysterious lands beyond the Antarctic ice-barrier, the second that of an old civilization preserved by being cut off from the rest of the world, and the third that of bringing an enterprising American into contact with the life of mediæval England. To show how these incongruous ideas have been combined, a sketch of Mr. Bouvé's plot is necessary. An American squadron, despatched during our Civil War to a Pacific Coast station by way of Cape Horn, is driven southward by a fierce storm, and finds its way through a hitherto unknown passage into an open Antarctic sea. Here a continent is discovered, and found to be peopled by fifteenth-century Englishmen, who, a few years after the Tudor victory of Bosworth Field, had sought a home in the new world just discovered by one Christopher Columbus, and who had, like their followers of the nineteenth century, been driven by storms to the land of Mr. Bouvé's extremely romantic tale. By these ingenious inventions, two civilizations of four "centuries apart" are brought together by the author. We will leave the details of this meeting to be gathered from the book itself, adding only that the plot is developed with much skill, that it includes many thrilling happenings, and that it is set forth with no slight degree of literary art. Indeed, it is a tale distinctly out of the common, and its materials, while not absolutely fresh in fiction, are at least not of the overworked sort that we recognize in ninety-nine novels out of every hundred.

The writer who nowadays achieves a popular success is pretty sure to make hay while the sun shines, but such assiduity in the field as has recently been displayed by the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is to say the least uncommon, even in these days of swift and easy composition. Besides many contributions to the magazines, this most industrious of haymakers promptly put forth "A Change of Air," which we reviewed some weeks ago, and "The Dolly Dialogues," a clever production that must at least be mentioned. Besides these things, we note the simultaneous appearance of two new novels, "The God in the Car" and "The Indiscretion of the Duchess." The former of these books derives its odd title from the Car of Juggernaut, as that vehicle exists in popular fancy, moving resistlessly forward, and crushing all who come in its way. The "God" who presides over this destruction is an Englishman of the type exemplified by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who is engaged in the promotion of a great African Company, and whose resolute will shrinks from nothing in the accomplishment of its purpose. The story is almost wholly one of conversation, is fairly rapid in its movement, and contrives to interest us in a dozen people without making us feel that any one of them is a real or even a possible character.

"The Indiscretion of the Duchess" may be described in much the same terms as the above, although it has an added element of romantic adventure, and displays a piquant ingenuity of invention. It is all very impossible and very fascinating; its secret seems to lie in the fact that the reader is kept constantly alert for new developments, which are never quite what is anticipated. Like all the rest of the author's books, it provides capital entertainment and is not in the least fatiguing.

"Amygdala: A Tale of the Greek Revolution" is a pretty story by Mrs. Edmonds, a writer already well-known for other studies of the interesting period of modern history with which this tale is concerned. We read in these pages of an Englishman who, following Byron's noble example, devotes his fortune and his life to the Greek cause, and who, happier than the poet, lives to see Greece freed from the Turk. Bound up with the patriotic motive is the motive of love, for the Englishman becomes enamored of the daughter of a village *pappas*, and finds in her affection an additional reason for activity in behalf of the Greek cause. The outcome of the story is tragic, although the tragedy is chastened and purified by the sacrifice of the heroine.

The "Sibylla" of Sir H. S. Cunningham evinces some training in the art of fiction, and the capacity to produce a conventional, well-bred, and fairly readable novel of English society. The taste and style of the writer are good enough to bear the weight of material which is exceedingly hackneyed, consisting, for the most part, of the career of an English gentleman in politics, diversified by a secret stain upon the family honor, which casts a temporary cloud over his domestic happiness. The leading character is of a type far from sympathetic, but it doubtless exists, and its present portrayal is not devoid of interest.

The pun so obviously suggested by the title of M. Zola's latest novel is amply justified by the matters with which the document deals. The events of five days are told in as many hundreds of pages, and nothing is spared us of detail. We start from Paris to Lourdes in the first chapter, and with the closing pages we return. On the way to the famous resort, nearly every conceivable variety of loathsome disease is exhibited with brutal realism. When we reach Lourdes, the various types that throng the place are passed in review one by one, and we are invited to contemplate, in strange juxtaposition, the various aspects of scepticism and credulity, of sordid commercialism and of mystical fervor. It must be admitted that to read the book is almost equivalent to making the journey. One can no more forget the one than the other. There are also detached scenes of great power and scattered passages of a beauty so marked that even the English translation cannot miss it. M. Zola is particularly happy, here as in "Le Rêve," as an interpreter of the mystical quality of religious faith. But there is little to be said for the novel as a work of constructive art. The two characters who are intended to supply the nucleus of the interest are conceived with force

and sympathy, but their lives are mixed up with, yet not logically related to, so bewildering a mass of episode that they do not emerge as they ought to. It is the old story; M. Zola gives us most of the elements of art; he fails to give us the synthetic structure. His pages teem with life — actual, visible, palpitating — but the one step beyond is not taken, and the one supreme effect not attained.

The name of the foremost Hungarian novelist has become increasingly familiar to our public during the last two or three years, a fact more largely due to the recent celebration of the writer's jubilee than to any wide introduction of his works to our readers. It must be said, in fact, that Jókai has not yet been translated sufficiently to enable us to judge of the value of his achievement. Of his hundred and fifty odd pieces of fiction, but a very few have been put into English garb, and it must be admitted that those few do not account for his great reputation. That reputation, when duly sifted, will doubtless be found to contain elements of many sorts, and to the patriotic rather than to the strictly literary elements we shall be forced to look to understand the main strength of his position among his countrymen. The mere bulk of his work is imposing, and Hungarians must take much pride in the possession of so prolific a writer; and besides this, his activity as a citizen has been associated with those political movements of the past half-century which have appealed most forcibly to the Magyar heart. The latter proposition is illustrated by the novel published in 1890, crowned by the Hungarian Academy as the best novel of that year, and now translated into English by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain. In "Eyes Like the Sea" there is quite as much of autobiography as of fiction. The author refers to himself by name, tells of his patriotic activities during the great revolutionary year, of his wooing and his married life. But with this personal narrative there is twined an obviously fictitious thread, upon which hang the fortunes of an extraordinary young woman named Bessy — the possessor of the eyes of sea-like hue and depth — who takes to herself five successive husbands, and who dies in prison under a life sentence for the murder of the last. There is something fascinating about the story of this erratic young woman, in spite of the gross improbability of most of the things done by her, and the author's pictures of the struggle of 1848 are extremely vivid. These are the merits of what is otherwise a harum-scarum story, which is not, we must add, translated into even acceptable English.

A new translation of Herr Björnson's novels is a thing to be welcomed, but enthusiasm is at least tempered by the discovery that "Synnöve Solbakken," the first volume issued, is but an old translation revamped, and by the further fact that the announcement makes no promise of Herr Björnson's two most important novels, "Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen" and "Paa Gud's Veje." Mr. Edmund Gosse is to edit the series, and supplies this first volume with a rambling essay of some seventy-five pages, in which we find a sketch of Herr Björnson's life and literary production, and some attempt to correlate his activities with those of his home and foreign contemporaries. We do not expect accuracy from Mr. Gosse, and hence are not surprised to read that "Synnöve Solbakken" was first turned into English in 1870. In point of fact, it was translated (or rather paraphrased) by Mary Howitt in 1858. "Norsk Folkebled" and "Tourganieff" are probably printer's errors, but we are not so sure of "Frakerk" for "Frakark," and "Sigurd the Bastard" is not admissible for "Sigurd Slembe." Moreover, we are told that this great work is a poem, although it is about nine-tenths prose. But we may even forgive these things in view of Mr. Gosse's recognition of the rank of "Sigurd Slembe" among the works of its author. He says: "In all the various repertory of Björnson, there is perhaps no single work in which so high a level of technical excellence is aimed at, and at the same time so harmonious and dignified a result obtained. Looking over the twenty-five or thirty volumes which Björnson has presented to the public, there is probably not one from which, in Landor's phrase, there is less for criticism 'to pare away' than from 'Sigurd Slembe.'" This is strictly true. "Sigurd Slembe" is the greatest of Herr Björnson's works, and, with the possible exception of "Brand," the greatest work in all Norwegian literature. Mr. Gosse makes a number of comparisons between Herr Björnson and Dr. Ibsen, some of which are intelligible and some not. To this second category belongs the statement, made after some remarks about the cold and self-restrained manner of the latter poet, that "Björnson would die in such an atmosphere, like an eagle in a *Leyden jar*." The italics are ours. One more perplexing statement deserves attention. Speaking of "Kongen," Mr. Gosse says: "Few even of Björnson's admirers appreciated it at first." Then comes the following foot-note: "The present writer was among them, and published certain remarks for which (being grown older and wiser) he would now do penance, in a white sheet." This is all clear enough, but we cannot reconcile it with Mr. Gosse's final estimate of the work in question, when he says that, "as one reads 'The King' to-day, it is difficult to realize how so brilliant an intellectual extravaganza, so daring a political dream, should have failed to fascinate us from the first." If Mr. Gosse hopes ever to be taken seriously as a critic or as a scholar, he must reform his slipshod methods, in Hamlet's phrase, "altogether."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

Mr. F. YORK POWELL has been appointed to the Regius professorship of history at Oxford, the post occupied by Freeman and Froude. It was the general expectation among scholars that Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner would succeed to the duties of this chair, but Mr. Powell is a good second.

Briefs on New Books.

Some sound and readable musical criticism.

Books of sound and readable musical criticism are rare, and we commend Mr. W. F. Apthorp's nine essays, collectively called "Musicians and Music-Lovers" (Scribner), as one of the best books of its class. The musicians to whom these essays give individual treatment are Bach, Händel, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Franz, Dresel, and John Sullivan Dwight, — a strangely-assorted gathering. The essays of a more general character are, besides that which gives the collection its title, "Some Thoughts on Musical Criticism" and "Music and Science." In one of his earliest pages, Mr. Apthorp remarks that "music is a subject on which all logic is wasted"; but we are inclined to think that he refutes his own dictum on more occasions than one, for if these essays illustrate anything besides their special subjects it is the fact that an appeal to the reason may be made on behalf of music quite as well as on behalf of any other art. The author appeals throughout to the intelligence, and eschews altogether the rhapsodizing that passes for criticism with many writers. Yet he by no means countenances the common notion that "the musician is capable only of a merely intellectual enjoyment of music." On this point he even uses strong language, and goes so far as to say that "of all the wrong notions that have ever bemuddled the human mind, this is the most utterly idiotic." But to feel the beauty of music is one thing, and to put the feeling into words is quite another. To attempt the latter is simply to attempt the impossible; and Mr. Apthorp confines himself to the things that really can be said by one rational being to another. With the motive that sends the majority of listeners to concert-room or opera-hall — the desire to hear someone sing or play, rather than the desire to hear the performance of some work — the author has no great patience. "For what, think you, does the average music-lover look first, when he reads the advertisement of a concert in the newspapers? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he looks first to see who is to be the sclo performer; what the programme is to be interests him only secondarily. Show me the man who looks first to see *what* is to be played or sang, and I will hold him in my very heart of heart — as a music-lover who deserves to be a musician!" These are golden words; and let no one fancy himself a lover of music in the true sense unless he can put the question to himself, and honestly answer it in the right way. Sensible, well-put things abound in these essays, and a touch of humor is not lacking. "I have heard many people complain that fugues are dry; you might say, with equal reason, that demijohns are dry — some are and some are not, — it all depends upon what is in them." Fugues naturally remind us of Bach, and lead us to say that the essay on that composer is one of the best appreciations of his genius with which we are acquainted. Delight in that colossal genius is another of the tests of true musical feeling, quite as good a test as the one already given. And, strange to say, the test is one that, more than most others, is likely to evoke an honest answer. Or, as Mr. Apthorp puts it: "Many people who have to keep up a reputation for musical taste will bear the infliction of a Schumann quartette or a Brahms symphony quite smilingly; they will grin and bear it, and try to think they like it. But Bach marks the point where the worm will turn; he is the last straw that breaks the back of musical endurance, and people admit quite frankly that they find him intolerable." Most of us who have been curious to know whether our friends really cared for music have had that experience more than once. A longer review than the present would be needed to do justice to the acuteness, the insight, and the genuine musicianly feeling of Mr. Apthorp's volume. Our only regret is that he should not have polished his style a little more, avoiding, for example, such a solecism as "neither . . . were," and that he should countenance the common misspelling of Händel's name.

"The English Novel" and the "Study of Fiction."

How wide our forefathers would have opened their eyes if they could have foreseen that novel-reading would become a serious study in the closing years of the century, and be urged as an important element in general education! Here and there an old-fashioned objector still raises a protesting voice; but the *Zeitgeist* is against him, and it is now impossible for the student to ignore what has come to be (with the possible exception of poetry) the most typical and generally cultivated of the literary arts. Even the pulpit—that last bulwark of conservative prejudice — has taken kindly to the novel, and many a sermon is preached upon some popular fiction of the day. The University Extension people, in their effort to provide pabulum of sufficient tenuity to be easily assimilable by delicate digestions, have with peculiar avidity seized upon fiction as providing instruction and entertainment in suitable proportions, and it is wholly natural that we should have at last a University Extension manual upon "The English Novel" (Scribner). This little book, which is a historical and critical sketch of the subject from the earliest times down to "Waverley," is the work of Professor Walter Raleigh, an experienced English teacher. It is rather dry in manner, but presents a well-arranged conspectus of fact. We are half through the book before we reach what most people suppose to have been the first English novelists; but undoubtedly something must be said in such a history of the "Morte Darthur" and "Euphues," of "Arcadia" and the "Spectator," and even of less direct precursors of the modern novelist.—Prof. W. E. Simonds, who at the same time has published "An Introduction to the Study of Fiction" (Heath), is even more inclusive, for he begins with "Beowulf" and "King Horn." His book consists of a few pleasant chapters on the more marked his-

torical phases of the subject, followed by a dozen rather lengthy extracts, ranging from the pagan epic of our Saxon forebears to Fielding and Sterne. "A bare introduction to the study," and no more, is what the author has sought to offer his readers. There are some useful chronological tables, and a list of a hundred novels, English and Continental, "which, for one reason or another, are quite worth reading." Our only quarrel with the list is that it strangely omits the name of Tourguénieff, although Gogol, Tolstoi, and Dostoieffski appear. This is much like leaving Scott out of a list of English novelists, or Shakespeare out of a selection of Elizabethan dramatists.

A text-book of an old-fashioned sort.

"A History of English Literature for Secondary Schools" (Harper), by Mr. J. Logie Robertson, is a text-book of the old-fashioned sort, admirable as a compact presentation of accurate fact, but calculated to encourage cramming, and to substitute *memoriter* work for that acquisition of power which should be the real aim of every student. The subject is neatly divided up into periods and groups, cut-and-dried critical opinions are provided, and a conspectus of the facts of political history served as an accompaniment. Beyond the general misconception of the purpose of a text-book, the work is not open to much technical criticism. There is an occasional comment which strikes one as curiously platitudinous, such as the following: "The religious novel is a remarkable feature of current fiction, and probably owes its origin to the skepticism of the age." No treatment of Shakespeare, even the briefest, should ignore, as Mr. Robertson's does, the periods in the poet's development. A serious lack of perspective is often noticeable, particularly when Scotch writers are concerned. On these occasions only does the writer display a touch of enthusiasm; and one cannot refrain from thinking that he considers the work of mere Englishmen poor stuff. The attempt is made to provide extracts as well as history, which cannot be done to any satisfaction at all in a book of this size. American writers are supposed to come within the author's plan, but the few paragraphs they get are grudging and inadequate. We cannot, on the whole, accord the book any other than an extremely qualified commendation.

The military career of General Hancock.

The "Great Commanders Series" (Appleton) rightly includes the story of the military career of General Hancock, one of the most splendid soldiers that the Civil War produced, though he never held an independent command. It has been written by General Francis A. Walker, who was a member of Hancock's staff, out of the full knowledge gained through his personal knowledge of his hero, personal participation in many of the stirring scenes with which the book abounds, and several years of labor spent upon his "History of the Second Army Corps." The book also shows the literary skill of a trained writer. This knowledge and skill, combined with the brilliant career set forth in the book, make it one of absorbing interest, perhaps the best in the series. Unlike most military biographies, it is free from painful personal controversies. General Hancock was of generous and loyal spirit, obeying heartily even when acting under orders that he knew were bad. He had the power of infusing his own soldierly spirit and enthusiasm into his men, and so of bringing his brigade or division or corps into action to the best advantage, and of leading it through the most trying marches without loss of spirit. Not till the very end of the campaign of 1864, after the awful experiences and losses of that terrible summer, were "his lines broken, his men driven from the ground, guns and colors taken under his eye. . . . Never before had he seen his men fail to respond to the utmost when he called upon them personally for a supreme effort." It was a blow from which he never recovered, though all acknowledged that he had done all that could be done under the circumstances. General Walker's book is more than a sketch of Hancock's career: it contains spirited descriptions of nearly all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged, from the Peninsular campaign through 1864. The best of these descriptions are those of Gettysburg, where Hancock won his greatest glory, and the capture of the Salient at Spottsylvania. The successive commanders of the Army, especially Burnside, Hooker, and Grant, are freely criticised by General Walker; yet the criticism is not bitter, but eminently fair.

Josiah Wedgwood and his work.

Another of the stories of the triumph of brains and will and character over poverty and physical weakness is given us by the veteran biographer Samuel Smiles in his "Life of Josiah Wedgwood" (Harper). The world never tires of these splendid triumphs, and they supply a healthy stimulus to ambition. Of greater interest, however, because less familiar, is the history of the development of artistic pottery, and of a great industry out of the humble making of butter-pots and porringers that occupied the meagre population of Burslem till his time. Young Wedgwood began life with twenty pounds and a frail body, ever tormented with pain and often unable to leave his bed. His inquisitive mind was not content with the poor processes that had contented his fathers and forefathers. His eagerness for experiments caused his brothers to set him adrift from the family business. But his keen business ability and insight soon brought him success. A new ware was discovered and put upon the market as soon as the preceding was no longer popular. The queen allowed her name to be attached to one of the standard wares, a vast foreign trade was built up, and fortune and national reputation came to him. To this day he ranks as one of the great men of the eighteenth century in England. This success was won by his ceaseless costly experiments with

materials gathered from every part of the world, and by the application of true art to even the humbler products of his potteries. He developed the manufacture of artistic vases, cameos, portraits, and other pieces of high excellence which nobility and royalty were eager to purchase. Among the interesting incidents of the book are the account of the making of the great table-service of nearly a thousand pieces for the Empress of Russia, the preparation of which occupied about eight years; that of his relations with the sculptor Flaxman, who long furnished designs for his products; and the copying of the Barberini, or Portland Vase, and other works of antiquity. The book is written in the well-known commonplace style of the author, with numerous repetitions, yet clearly, and with full knowledge of the subject and his work.

Closing volume of Professor Huxley's collected essays.

The ninth and closing volume of Professor Huxley's collected essays is entitled "Evolution and Ethics and Other Essays" (Appleton). It includes the Romanes Lecture of the title (provided with some fifty pages of prolegomena for the confutation of captious critics); a paper, dated 1886, on "Science and Morals"; another, dated 1890, entitled "Capital—the Mother of Labour"; and the contents of the pamphlet of 1891 on "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies." Now that the man against whose pretensions and activities that pamphlet was directed has been received with open arms by so many of our fellow-countrymen, Professor Huxley's objections to "corybantic Christianity" are given a renewed timeliness. Professor Huxley, in his preface, remarks that, "Mr. Booth's standing army remains afoot, retaining all the capacities for mischief which are inherent in its constitution. I am desirous that this fact should be kept steadily in view; and that the moderation of the clamour of the drums and trumpets should not lead us to forget the existence of a force which, in bad hands, may, at any time, be used for bad purposes." It is extremely satisfactory to note the completion of this series of Professor Huxley's miscellaneous writings. However their timeliness may become impaired, their usefulness for other purposes — as examples of clear-cut cogent argument, and of a popularization which detracts nothing from the dignity of science—will outlive more than the present generation. The author has, all his life long, fought sturdily against the battalions of ignorance and prejudice, and his reward is assured in the thankfulness of the thousands whom he has helped to think clearly, and to whose lives he has supplied an effective ethical impulse.

A satisfactory life of Cicero.

Cicero's life was the very storm-centre of the decline and fall of the Roman Republic. To treat the one satisfactorily, it is necessary to treat the other fully. Mr. Strachan-Davidson does it charmingly in his volume on "Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic" (Putnam). There is not a dry spot in the book, which is preëminently a candid and comprehensive treatment of the greatest of orators, and a philosophic discussion of the turbulent times which made his life so tragic. It is refreshing to find this work unstained by hero-worship, the blot on the pages of Froude and many others, who have attempted sketches of Roman statesmen. Especially commendable is the scientific spirit of treatment which forms the background of the work. We might call it a *laboratory* study, in recognition of the fact that it is studiously compiled, for the most part, from original sources of information, chiefly from the incomparable letters of Cicero himself,—letters still in their primeval purity, unimpaired by the red-pencil marks of the editor. Mr. Strachan-Davidson appropriates these letters with a lavish hand, supplementing them with just enough of his own narrative to keep the chain of facts intact. Any other method of writing the biography of the ancients must necessarily draw too freely on the imagination of the author. Mr. Strachan-Davidson's translations are excellent for their solid expression and lack of all frothiness. We are struck by his clear statement of the positions of the Nobles and the Knights, and his unclouded treatment of the relations which existed at various stages between Cicero and his contemporaries, Cæsar, Pompey, and Anthony. Never were they made plainer. We are impressed also by the occasional paragraphs on Roman politics, which, in point of "favoritism," "log-rolling," and corruption by wealth, seems not to have differed greatly from our own. This book, though written two thousand years after the birth of Cicero, is opportune. During this great lapse of time the lustre of Cicero's name has not been dimmed. Mr. Strachan-Davidson's excellent biography will be found to give in the best form what modern students demand. Abundant foot-notes testify to the faithful work which the production of the book has cost its author.

A "Prelude to Poetry."

Another of the pretty books that are printed in London by the Messrs. Dent, and sold in this country by the Messrs. Macmillan, is called "The Prelude to Poetry," and is edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. It is designed as the first volume of a series called "The Lyrical Poets," and the volumes to follow will be made up of selections from the lyric treasures of our speech. This "prelude," however, contains, instead of poetry, the best things that have been said about poetry in the prose of our English poets, from Chaucer to Landor. Sidney's "Apologie for Poetry" and Shelley's "Defence of Poesy," are the chief courses in this critical banquet; but the *relevés*, pastries, and other adjuncts of a well-appointed repast, are not missing. We have extracts from Spenser, Campion, and Daniel, from Jonson's "Discoveries," from Milton, Dryden, and Pope, from Gray, Goldsmith, and Burns, from Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats. And this choice collection of weighty matters is properly introduced

by the editor, whose pleasant opening essay prepares the mind for what is to follow. "What we find in these contributions," he says, "is a set of testimonies not at all scientific, but such as they are, making a much more delightful and eloquent companion to the poetic anthology than any more formal body of criticism could do." And we are quite prepared to endorse the further statement of Mr. Rhys, that "to those who love these poets most, who care most for their ideals, this little book ought to be the one indispensable book of devotion, the *credo* of the poetic faith."

BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor H. Graetz's "History of the Jews" (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society) still pursues its voluminous course, but we are reminded by the appearance of the fourth volume, which covers the period from 1270 to 1618, that the end cannot be far distant. The former of the dates which stand as boundary-posts to the present volume is that assigned to the rise of the Kabbala and its cultivation in Spain and elsewhere. Among the subjects that follow are the successive expulsions of the Jews from France, Spain, and Portugal, the persecutions caused by the Black Death, the progress of Jewish literature during the middle ages, Reuchlin's defense of the Jewish literature, the Jews in Sixteenth Century Turkey and Poland, and the permanent settlement of the Marranos in Holland. The date of this settlement was 1618, which marks the limit set for the present volume, but a closing chapter on "The Dutch Jerusalem and the Thirty Years' War" carries on the annals to the date of the Peace of Westphalia.

Professor James M. Garnett's edition of "Hayne's Speech to which Webster Replied" (Maynard) takes the form of a pamphlet for school use, but it is not often that a text for this purpose is edited with so much pains. The editor's part of the work consists of a careful biography of Hayne, a special article on "The Great Debate," and a few notes. The text has been collated with the copy presented by Hayne to Madison, and with the copy in a volume of speeches preserved by Mrs. Hayne. It is well to have the Southern side of the argument studied in our schools, which have too often been content with an examination of the famous "Reply."

It seems that we were a little premature when, in our last notice of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) we stated that the letter M was done with. But who could have foreseen a whole series of Mylnes, to say nothing of two Myrddins and a Myvyr? These names, with a large share of the N's, are found in Volume XL. of the great work just published. In this volume the Napiers fill a large place, four of them, including Lord Napier of Magdala, getting several pages each. The longest biography is Mr. Glazebrook's Sir Isaac Newton; the next longest, Professor Laughton's Nelson. Thomas Nash, by the editor, and Cardinal Newman, by Mr. W. S. Lilly, are the articles of greatest literary interest.

"Chambers's Concise Gazetter of the World" (Lippincott) is a volume of moderate dimensions, based chiefly upon the geographical articles of "Chambers's Encyclopædia." The latest official figures have been used by the compiler, interesting etymologies are given, and brief justice is done to historical and literary associations. Pronunciation is also indicated as far as possible. There are 768 double-columned pages, and the volume is substantially bound in half-leather with green cloth covers.

"Pelléas and Mélisande," which is probably the best of M. Maeterlinck's dramatic works, has been translated into English by Mr. Erving Winslow, and makes a pretty book as now published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The author was terribly handicapped upon his last appearance in letters by the injudicious deliverances of the French critic who hailed him as a new Shakespeare. But we should not let ourselves be prejudiced against a man by what his friends say of him, and there can be no doubt that the Belgian dramatist has become a sort of literary force. Mr. Winslow contributes to his translation an interesting and temperate critical introduction.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, January 10, 1895.

The first day of this month marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of "The Christian Union," now "The Outlook." Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, the editors, are well known in their respective fields of labor, but it is of Mr. Mabie that I wish especially to speak. He joined the staff of "The Outlook" in 1879, and became its associate editor five years later. There have been few professional men of letters in this city who have accomplished more with less fuss than Mr. Mabie during the ensuing period. Besides his engrossing editorial duties, he has found time to deliver many lectures and addresses and to take an active interest in public affairs. But it is as the author of the five volumes of literary and social essays just issued in a uniform edition that Mr. Mabie chiefly demands our attention. In these books are to be found the crystallization of his life-work, so various and extensive. We should hardly call him a pupil of Mitchell and Curtis. Were he not so young, it would be more truthful to call him their contemporary. When "The Christian Union" was established, its editors declared, "We are glad to work with any one who is willing to work with us to make the word better. We do not ask what church or party he belongs to, nor what name he bears." And this quotation, with suitable changes, would apply to Mr. Mabie's writings. They seem to me, consciously or unconsciously, to embody a complete system of literary philosophy, hidden under a fascinating array of discussions of books and life.

So many people now feel at liberty to speak for Mr. Howells, that he has been obliged to send letters to the newspapers denying various sentiments attributed to him. It is very amusing to find the Boston "Transcript" posing as his defender against "chance shots" made at him in his absence by fellow men of letters at the Stevenson memorial meeting. I am informed that a number of the vice-presidents, including Mr. Howells, Mr. Kipling, and others, were not expected to be present at the meeting, a geographical impossibility in many cases, but were asked to lend the weight of their names as admirers of Stevenson, and that they were glad to do so. The idea that any of the speakers took advantage of Mr. Howells's absence to make unfavorable references to him is absurd, and the suggestion to it reminds me of the days when the Boston "Tran-

script" was known as the Boston "Teapot." A tempest in a teapot, indeed. In the first place, the speakers could not have known whether Mr. Howells was present or not in an audience of two thousand people. Probably there is some feeling among the Boston illuminati, because Mr. Howells has come to New York to live, yet nothing would surprise me less than to find him established next year in Tokio or Cairo, he not being a citizen of any one city.

Mr. James MacArthur, associate-editor with Prof. H. Thurston Peck of the American edition of "The Bookman," has just returned from London, where he has completed arrangements for the publication of that periodical. The first number will appear early in February; it will contain an article on Dr. Robertson Nicoll by Mr. S. R. Crockett, a new poem by Mr. Austin Dobson, a rarity in these days, indeed, a London letter from Dr. Nicoll, with Robert Louis Stevenson for its subject, and a letter on Parisian topics from Mr. R. H. Sherard. Professor Boyesen, for the same number, will give a survey of German and Scandinavian literature for 1894.

Mr. Noah Brooks will sail for Italy and the Levant on the 29th of this month, returning in the early spring. Mr. Gilbert Parker is visiting the city, and will remain in this country for the rest of the winter. His new novel, just completed, will bear the title, "The Seats of the Mighty." The fund for a memorial to George William Curtis is increasing steadily. A special committee of leading citizens of Boston has been formed to raise subscriptions in that city and vicinity. It has been suggested that a similar committee might be formed in Chicago to aid in perpetuating the memory of the late occupant of the "Easy Chair."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

The text of Dr. Skeats's Chaucer, reprinted in a single volume, will appear at once from the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Over a hundred letters written by Scott to Mr. Craig, the banker, have been found in the archives of the old Leith Bank, at Galashiels.

The fourth volume of Craik's "English Prose Selections" deals with the eighteenth century and will be ready for publication early in January.

Mr. David Christie Murray is to be the guest of the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago on the eighteenth of this month. "A Poet's Note-Book" is announced as the subject of his address.

We learn with regret that Mrs. Humphry Ward has decided not to accompany her husband upon his visit to this country. Mr. Ward is expected to arrive about the close of January.

"Little Eyolf," Dr. Ibsen's new play, reviewed from the original in the last issue of THE DIAL, has since been published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball in Mr. William Archer's English translation.

It is not easy to believe the statement made by "The Athenæum" that Robert Louis Stevenson once offered to write a monograph on Hazlitt for the "English Men of Letters," and that the offer was declined by the editor of the series.

A "History of Higher Education in Rhode Island," by Dr. W. H. Tolman, has just been issued from the Government printing office at Washington, in the series of monographs upon the educational history of the several states. More than half of the contents are devoted to Brown University.

The limited edition of the little volume containing an account of the Bryant celebration at Knox College, in November, having been practically disposed of, a cheaper edition will be issued, from the same type, but bound in paper. Copies may be had by addressing Mr. Ernest Elmo Calkins, Galesburg, Ill.

"Le Modèle" (H. Laurens, 6 Rue de Tournon, Paris) signalizes the completion of its first year by the publication of four studies in aquarelle, in place of the regular black-and-white plates. This closing number of the year also contains a title-page and index, together with several pages of text descriptive of the ninety-six plates that constitute the first volume. Art-students should find this periodical helpful and suggestive.

The ninth Quarterly Convocation of the University of Chicago was held at the Auditorium on the evening of January 2. President Low of Columbia was the orator of the occasion, and spoke sensibly and forcibly of the relation of universities toward political and social problems. President Harper reviewed the work of the last quarter, stated that exactly 1,000 students had been enrolled, and announced the organization of a new department—that of pedagogy. He also announced several gifts to the University, the most important of which was one of $175,000, from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, to be applied upon the current expenses for the year.

A club of twelve book-lovers calling themselves "The Duodecimos" has just done an act of piety to the memory of Benjamin Franklin by reproducing in facsimile "Poor Richard's Almanac for 1733," from the only known copy of the original, in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's collection at Philadelphia. The facsimile is printed on a hand-press made in Philadelphia before 1800, ink-balls being used in the primitive way; the paper is genuine eighteenth-century handmade such as Franklin may have used, but with a little of that "wilful waste" of margin which the philosopher believed made "woful want." An introduction by the Hon. John Bigelow—in which is reprinted for the first time the diverting correspondence between Franklin and his chief competitor in the almanac business, one Titan Leeds — is printed in a modern type cast expressly for the purpose, on a handmade paper bearing the club's water-marked devices. The frontispiece is a portrait of Franklin etched by Thomas Johnson from the Duplessis pastel in Mr. Bigelow's possession; and interspersed with the text are thirteen other portraits of Franklin, apocryphal and otherwise, with notes thereon, reproduced in artotype by the Bierstadt process. One hundred and forty-four copies only are printed, twelve on vellum for the members, and one hundred and thirty-two on paper, which have been sold to subscribers. To insure absolute fidelity, all quotations have been verified by comparison with the original issues — complete files of which, dating from 1733 to 1758 (Franklin's period), have been located, with the exception of the issue for 1735, which is nowhere to be found. No pains or expense has been spared by the club (which is not a money-making enterprise) to make their first venture a success, and the DeVinne Press has produced a book which for typographical excellence and good taste reflects credit upon itself and upon "The Duodecimos."

"Præco Latinus" is a Latin monthly paper of eight pages, published by Mr. Arcade Mogyorossy, of Philadelphia. The contents include brief editorials, criticism of schoolbooks, educational notes, and other matters. The editor is very scornful upon the subject of existing methods in the teaching of the classics and the popular text-books, and indulges in many "prave ords," indicative of the reforms he hopes to accomplish. He occasionally lapses into English, to such effect as this: "The purifying waters of reform will gradually soak under the financial foundations of the Olympian citadels. . . . Before long you will hear the rumble of a land-slide, when inflated idols and methods will crumble and sink into the surging waves." We commend "Præco Latinus" as a very amusing little sheet, however unsound may be the theories of its editor.

Professor Morse Stephens, Cornell's new professor of European history from Oxford, has made some interesting comparisons between English and American college students. He concludes that the average American undergraduate takes a more comprehensive view of history, has a better grasp of its essential facts, and surpasses his English cousin of corresponding grade in power of generalization; but the American student is lamentably deficient in his knowledge of details and also writes very poor English. Professor Stephens thought the essays written by his undergraduate students at Cornell were on the whole better than similar essays written by English students at Cambridge, although he sharply criticized the spelling, grammar, and generally careless style of the Americans. When, however, he set his American students an examination of twenty questions concerning dates and places, he was overwhelmed by the lack of knowledge of facts displayed in the answers. More than half the class failed to pass the examination, the average percentage being about 40, and as a rule the students who wrote the best essays handed in the poorest examination papers.

The intelligent public has been not a little amused by the ignorant onslaught recently made by some of the Chicago newspapers upon the improved methods of teaching recently introduced into the public schools of the city, but it was left for a casual contributor to one of those newspapers to cap the climax of absurdity. The following is the essential part of his complaint: "In all the discussion about nature studies, of which I have been a careful reader, I do not believe attention has been called to the injudicious character of a song which I found in a little book used by the primary teachers in the Chicago schools. Here is a verse of it:

'How does the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the water of the Nile
On every golden scale.

'How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.'

"My recollection of the habits of the crocodile is that he doesn't live on fish at all, although he is said to catch birds in the way described. That a little child's attention should be called to either fact, however, in a civilized school-room seems incredible. I was very indignant when I saw it, as I have two boys in the primary grade. I determined that I would not have a boy of mine taught such stuff; and to give it a humorous turn, as the author of these lines seems to have tried to do, is simply monstrous." This is almost too funny for belief. Imagine the poems of "Lewis Carroll" subjected, one after another, to the searching criticism of science! Some one ought to unearth this indignant parent, and present him with a copy of the nursery classic which has strangely been left out of his education.

The following are extracts from two letters written by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the one to a friend in San Francisco, the other to Mr. Sidney Colvin: "Our dear Louis died the night of December 3d in the full tide of work and life. He passed away without pain or consciousness, finding the death he had always prayed for. The doctors said that nothing could have been done for him; he had simply come to the end of his power of living. The extraordinary love and kindness we have received from our Samoans has passed all knowledge. If anything could have comforted us, it was the unforgettable devotion that they displayed. There was none of the professional horrors that make death so terrible. Not a strange hand touched him; his own people dug his grave on the high mountain ridge, where it was always his wish to lie." . . . "My previous letter was interrupted by the arrival of several of our truest Samoan chiefs with their last presents for Louis, the fine mats that the body of a great man must be wrapped in. All night they sat around his body, in company with every one of our people, in stolid silence. It was in vain that I attempted to get them away. 'This is the Samoan way,' they said, and that ended the matter. They kissed his hand one by one as they came in. It was a most touching sight. You cannot realize what giving these mats means. They are the Samoans' fortune. It takes a woman a year to make one, and these people of ours were of the poorest."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

January, 1895 (Second List).

Altruistic Impulse, The. T. Gavanescul. *Journal of Ethics.*
Armor of Old Japan. M. S. Hunter. *Century.*
Bamboo, The. J. Fortuné Nott. *Cosmopolitan.*
Cathedrals of France, The. Barr Ferree. *Cosmopolitan.*
Charity, Old and New. H. C. Vrooman. *Arena.*
China, Our Trade with. W. C. Ford. *North American.*
Czar, The Young. Charles Emory Smith. *North American.*
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